LOVE IN THE DARK,

OR

The Man of Business.

A COMEDY:

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL
By His MAJESTIES Servants.

WRITTEN By
Sir *FRANCIS FANE, Junior*;
Knight of the *BATH*.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret. Hor.

In the *SAVOY*.
Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1675.

LOVE IN THE DARK,

OR

The Man of Business.

A COMEDY:

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL

By His MAJESTIES Servants.

WRITTEN BY

Sir FRANCIS FANSHAW, Junior,

Knight of the BATH.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret. Hor.

In the SAVOY.

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1675.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JOHN, Earl of
ROCHESTER.

Gentleman of His *MAJESTIES* Bed-chamber.

My LORD,

IF Fenders, long conniv'd at, come at last to be try'd for their Lives, and are forc'd to call upon their fatally indulgent friends to bring them off: for Volunteer Poets are at least as mad as those who, out of wantonness play themselves into the Gallies. 'Tis high time to cast my self at your Lordships Feet, and humbly beg your Protection to this rude Piece, which grew the bolder by your incouragement. All Poems in their Dedications, ought to return to your Lordship, as all Rivers to the Sea, from whose depth and Saltness they are season'd and supply'd: none of them ever coming to your Lordship's hands, without receiving some of the rich Tinctures of your unerring Judgement: and running with much more clearness, having past so fine a strainer. If this receives any approbation in the World, I must ascribe it principally to your Lordship's partial recommendations, and impartial corrections. Your Lordship is the first person in the World, by whom I have been Highly and Heroically oblig'd: and if the first Impressions of Gratitude, may be as strong and captivating, as those of the first Love; they must needs be much more lasting and inmutable, in my Passion for your Lordship, since the World affords no object so high and admirable, even

to work a change; your Lordship being the most accomplish'd of all Mankind, that I ever knew, read, or heard of, by Humane testimony. Eminent Beings are as hard to be believ'd, as they are to be understood: and no Man can speak Truth of your Lordship's Superlative Endowments, without suspicion of Flattery; nor conceal them without conviction of Ignorance. That famous Temper of weight, so rarely found in Bodies, appears most Illustriously in your Lordship's Mind. Judgement, and Fancy, seldom concurring in other Men, in any small proportion, are possest by your Lordship in the highest degree that ever was allow'd the Soul of Man; yet with so happy and harmonious a mixture, that neither of them predominate nor usurp; but, like two peaceful Colleagues in Empire, agree within themselves, and govern the rest of the World; acting in your Lordships noble, and elevated Mind, like Fire and Air in the upper Region, whose Purity makes them easily convertible, and mutually assistant, whilst they are always quarrelling and preying upon each other, in gross inferior Bodies. What was favourably said of my Lord Bacon *in his time, may much more justly be affirm'd of your Lordship, in yours; That if ever there were a beam of Knowledge, immediately deriv'd from God, upon any Man, since the Creation, there is one upon your [illegible] Others, by wearisome steps, and regular gradations, climb up to knowledge; your Lordship is flown up to the top of the Hill: you are an Enthusiast in Wit; a Poet and Philosopher by Revelation; and have already in your tender age, set out such new and glorious Lights in Poetry, yet those so Orthodox and Unquestionable, that all the Heroes of Antiquity, must submit, or* Homer *and* Virgil *be judg'd Nonconformists. For my part, I account it one of the great felicities of my life, to have liv'd in your age; but much greater, to have had acces's to your Person, and to have been cherish'd and enlighten'd by the influences, and irradiations of so great a Luminary. For, I must confess, I never return from your Lordships most Charming and Instructive Conversation, but I am inspir'd with a new Genius, and improv'd in all those Sciences I ever coveted the knowledge of: I find my self, not only a better Poet, a better Philosopher; but, much more than these, a better Christian: your Lordship's miraculous Wit, and*

intellectual

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Intellectual pow'rs being the greatest Argument that ever I could meet with for the immateriality of the Soul, they being the highest exaltation of humane Nature; and, under Divine Authority, much more convincing to suspicious Reason, than all the Pedantick proofs of the most Learnedly peevish Disputants: So that, I hope, I shall be oblig'd to your Lordship, not only for my Reputation in this World, but my future Happiness in the next. Reflect then, my Lord, I beseech you, on your own sublime perfections, the profuseness of your Favors, my powerful (though presumptuous) inclination to your Person, and judge if it be possible, for any other Man living to pay your Lordship so sincere and affectionate a Veneration, as

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Devoted,

Obedient, and Humble Servant,

FRANCIS FANE.

PROLOGUE.

What though 't has been the Genius of this Age,
Tame Pegasus to fetter on the Stage;
T' imprison in close Rimes, well-govern'd Rage?

Alas 'tis easier much for them in France,
The English *do but Walk, when* Frenchmen *Dance,*
Rhyme comes to them by Nature, Wit by Chance.

Rhyme is a cheating Vapour, which unseen
Ill Poets, like ill Spirits, pass between
To good Wits but a shade, to bad a Skreen.

Then since our Heroes rowz'd with French *Allarms,*
Have beat the Mounsieurs *at their own slight Arms,*
With lofty Sence, in Verses jingling Charms.

Our Poet hope's you'll not expect to day,
T'have all his down-right thoughts dress up so gay,
If his Coyn chinks too much, you'll doubt allay.

But oh! the hungry Critick longs to bait
And thinks, like Men on Scaffolds, we Dilate
Preaching to stop irrevocable Fate.

Lean Wit! who like some indigesting Eater
With Wolf in's Stomach, preys on all fresh Matter
By his ingrateful Gutt, ne'r made the fatter.

No

No no, our Author hopes you will excuse
The yielding Fortune of the Virgin Muse.
Who learns to Court, practising to refuse.

For Modesty's the Daughter of Desire
An Artificial Fire that's made by Fire.
That does at first deny, at last require.

Pardon the strainings of his Maiden Pen.
Imbrace her briskly, the first time, and then
She'll never leave you, till you do't again.

Persons Represented.

	By
Loredano, Doge of *Venice*.	Mr. *Lydal*.
Cardinal *Colonna*, the Pope's Legate.	Mr. *Burt*.
Hircanio, *Grimani*. } Procurators of *St. Mark*.	Mr. *Cattwright*. Mr. *Griffin*
Cornanti, an old jealous Senator.	Mr. *Wintershul*.
Intrigo, a curious formal Coxcomb.	Mr. *Lacy*.
Count *Sforza*, *Trivultio*, *Viſconti*. } Gentlemen of *Milan*.	Mr. *Kynaſton*. Major *Mohun*. Mr. *Hayns*.
Jacomo, *Cornanti's* Man.	Mr. *Charlton*.
Circumſtantio, *Intrigo's* Man.	Mr. *Shotterell*.
Satana Advocate-General.	Mr. *Harris*.
Proveditor.	Mr. *Powel*.

	By
Parhelia, the *Doge's* Daughter.	Mrs. *Uphill*.
Bellinganna, *Cornanti's* Wife.	Mrs. *Bowtel*.
Aurana, Daughter to *Hircanio*.	Mrs *James*.
Melinda, Daughter to *Grimani*.	Mrs. *Slade*.
Vigilia, *Bellinganna's Duegna*.	
Hircanio's Wife.	
A *Confeſſor*.	
Senators.	
Officers and *Servants*.	

LOVE IN THE DARK:

OR, THE

Man of Busnefs.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The* Piazza *of* St. Mark.

Trivultio Solus.

THE Carnival's begun; the Feast of free-born Souls,
Where Nature Reigns, and Custom is depos'd:
That Magistrate of Fools, Wisemen's Usurper;
And yet no news from *Milan*!

Enter Visconti *harkening.*

Was ever Man so disappointed? I have no less than Fifteen Marriages on foot; four of 'em are already consummated, by the help of some slight Vows, without the Solemn Perjury in a Church: five or six more are finely warm'd and soften'd, and ready for the Seal; and all are at a stand, for want of these same little scraps of Paper, call'd *Bills of Credit*: and, besides, how I think on't, I am to pursue my Legitimate pretensions to my rich Mistress *Auraea*; but a Pox; these Marriages in earnest come time enough, and spoil the others. The Oaths and Promises of Batchelors pass currant, and are not disproveable; but a marry'd Man, that swears Virtuous Love to others, is perjur'd in a Court of Record.

Visc. Come, Sir, for all your Perjury and Idolatry,
'Tis Money makes the shortest way of Courtship.

Triv. Who the Devil sent for thee to condole?

Visc. How many Letters, Legs, Cringes, Compliments, does this Money save you? most Women's Pride is greater than their Lust, and if they love to see themselves admir'd, how much then must they needs love them that make 'em admirable!
The supple Worshippers are but Slaves to Beauty:
The Givers are superior Deities.
That send the Jewels and fine Cloaths, guilty
Of half the Murders those plum'd Females cause.

Triv. I Sir, and make 'em insolent and inaccessible to themselves. Those that give fine things to their Mistresses, like *Dutchmen*, in time of War, sell Weapons to their Enemies.

Visc. Faith, Sir, I believe the Ladies need not fear your Liberality at this time. But, to be plain (Friend) if thou hast receiv'd no Bills of Exchange, try the old Banquer *Cornanti*, your Father's Friend, who (by the way) has a lovely Woman to's Wife, and is as jealous of her, as becomes old age, that knows its own Wants: he'll lend at first, for fear you should come twice.

Triv. 'S life, so I will; but is she to be seen?

Visc. Nay, stay a little. Now has he as clearly forgot the thought of Money, as if he had the *Indies* in his pocket. Don't you consider that you must put your self in Equipage, to do Honor to your Countrey-man *Sforza*, who is this day design'd to be Gentleman of *Venice*, and Admiral of the Gallies, for his exemplary service the last year, against the Turks, in *Candia*; where you know, he slew two Bassa's with his own hands? After his Election, he intends to Feast the Senators a week, and desires our assistance at the entertainment.

Triv. Is this the day design'd? Faith, 'tis a noble fellow.

Visc. He is the very Soul and Quintescence of Honour; and has reduc'd that wandring Science, made up of Vice and Virtue, *ana* from Moot-points, to judg'd Cases: he has tam'd that Monster got betwixt Pride and Justice.

Triv. O, I; he is a Man of so much Honour, one would not be troubled with it: 'tis as squeamish and as sore as a tender Conscience. But who told you this?

Visc. I just now parted from him, and *Intrigo.*

Triv. Ha, ha, he; Intrigo! that insufferable Coxcomb, that Ape of Wisdom and Gravity, that haunts the Court and *Council of Ten*, and places of Judicature, and brings away all the Shells of business, and leaves the Kernels behind?

Visc. I, the very same; He will sit you seven hours alone in the *Lobby*, next to the *Doge*'s Bed-chamber, to be thought a Privado; and, for the most part, when the *Doge* and all the Court's abroad, but Turn-keys and Bed-makers: he will watch you a Twelvemonth to pick up Papers that drop from Senators and Ladies, though torn in pieces for the worst of uses; and has a Frame like a Bone-setter, to put those disjoynted fragments together; and when, with much labor, he has trac'd out the insignificant Scnee, Glories as much as a Countrey Parson, that has found out a piece of *Hebrew*, to make an easie Text the harder.

Triv. Oh, I! he has all the mechanick parts of a Statesman: he's a notable Herauld too, an Antiquary, and Cabalist; and affects all those conjuring Studies, that fools cannot easily judge of, and wise Men will not take the pains to enquire into. How do I long to see this fellow again!

Visc. Mistake him not; his company is not so cheap to such hair-brain'd light fellows: unless you can pretend some great affair, or can raise his attention with some reverend Lye; he's as busy, as if his Head were a Bee-hive.

Triv. I, as secret, as if his Mother's Confessor got him.

Visc. And as formal, and full of ceremony, as if he was descended from one of *Moses* his Gentlemen-Ushers. But his principal Virtue is his love to Decency, and Order. As others at their Festivals, have their Lords of Mis-rule; so he has his Muster-masters of the Moveables, and his Clerks of the Uniformity.

Triv. That's more than e'r I heard.

Visc. If a Dish comes up to his Table out of its rank and file, he will eat no more meat that day; if his Cheese be cut

away; he is ready to cut his own Throat; his Stools and Chairs move like Chess-men; if one of 'em be remov'd by chance out of its walk, which his Servants know by privy Tokens; he is in a cold sweat, and never forgives the Malefactor. He turn'd away a Servant t'other day, for not making him three Legs, at his coming in; though he came to tell him his House was on fire. If he were call'd away in haste to Heaven, he would not stir a foot, till he had put on a clean Band, a pair of white Gloves, up to his Elbows, brush'd his Cloaths, and erected his Mustacho's.

Enter Sforza *and* Intrigo, *walking together:* Trivultio *and* Visconti *after them.*

Yonder's *Intrigo* with the Count.

Trivult. I, and he walks as stately, as an affronted Turky-cock. As sure as I live, the *Doge* has spoke to him, if it were but to call him Rogue or Rascal, or bid him stand out of the way.

Visc. He takes no notice of us, because he thinks he's in better company. *Your servant Signior* Intrigo.

[Intrigo *nods like a Grandee.*

Scarce to be spoke with! Let's hearken a little.

Int. Pshaw! the loss of *Candia* was inconsiderable, a Plot of the Grand Council, to betray the *Turks* into a greater security: O my knowledge, a meer Trap. But do you hear the news?

Sfor. What, Sir, I beseech your

Int. Marry, Sir, the Great *Doge of Venice* yesterday morning and no longer since, about eight of the clock, in a most admirable grave, prudential Temper, put on a pair of great French Pantaloons.

Sfor. Is't possible! but what will the people say of these innovations?

Int. I marry, Sir, that's the worst on't. I'm afraid (under the Rose) pray let it go no farther, 'twill breed no good Bloud with the ill-affected. An high point of the Prerogative, to alter the sumptuary Laws, without advice of the Senate. There

are some persons about his Highness——Well, I'll say no more; yet, if it appears to be done, with the approbation of the Grand Council, I warrant you 'tis an Hieroglyphic that imports something.

Sfor. Not otherwise——

Int. What did *Agesilaus* ride on a Hobby-horse for, but to teach his Children Humility? What did *Augustus* lye with Senators Wives for? not for his Lechery, I warrant you; but to discover their Councils, as *Tacitus*——Trivultio *falls a sing-* admirably has it.——O brave! do you *ing & dancing.* ever think to be a Privy Counsellor at this rate?——[*He sings on.* Well, *Trivultio*, I pity thee: thou hast a great deal of Wit, but no Judgement at all.

Triv. Then I should be a mad-man.

Int. Thou'lt never make a States-man.

Triv. I'm sorry for't. But shall I ever make a Courtier?

Int. I'm afraid not. Let me see. } *Measures his height with* Scarce tall enough; he must be a pro- } *his Hand or Cane.* per, straight, or at least, a stiff-going uniform Man, that undertakes that Province; else no hopes of him: he must strive to be always in the Prince's Eye, and seen in a Croud.

Triv. *Sejanus* lost himself with a pair of low heel'd Shooes.

Int. Very right, Sir: Moreover, give me leave to tell you, you understand not the language of the upper Sphere.

Triv. What's that, good Sir?

Int. Marry, Sir, under the Types of Balls, Playes, Hawking and Hunting, and such small matters, are comprehended the greatest secrets of State: and you seldom hear Courtiers talking of any thing else.

Triv. That's true enough.

Int. And do you think Courtiers so ignorant, as a man would take 'em to be? by no means: they appear so only to deceive us: As for example; in the Parable of Hunting, Horses signify Princes; Hounds, Soldiers; Foxes and Hares, Rebels and Sectaries; Gunners and Pochers, are Jesuits: and if ever you chance to hear 'em talk of an old grave Man in the

the Field, with a great Montero Cap on, then you may ſwear the Pope has a hand in the buſineſs.

Triv. Bleſs us all! very ſtrange!

Enter Maſquerades upon the Piazza, *with all ſorts of ridiculous Diſguiſes.*

Int. Oh horrid! the ſcum of the Earth, the reproach of the Republick, an inundation of Vanity!

Triv. Well ſaid Boys, to him again; *He offers to go away;* theſe fellows know him as well as we. *they puſh him to and fro*

Viſc. How properly they abuſe him! *to keep him in.*

Triv. To him again long Noſe; this fellow will never outlive the Carnival; come, now let's away to *Cornanti's.*

[Intrigo *runs out from him. Exeunt* Trivultio & Viſconti.

After the ridiculous Habits, come in Ladies of all Dreſſes; and after them, Enter Parhelia *the* Doge's *Daughter, with* Aurana *and* Melinda, *with Attendants.*

Aur. But, in good earneſt, Madam, did you never acquaint the Count with your Paſſion, by words, or Meſſage?

Parh. Never; but now will I appear to him in Dreams and Viſions, and make him love by Inſpiration: I'll haunt him in as many ſhapes as a Spirit, that invites a Man to find out a hidden Treaſure: I'll try his Love, by all the Arts of Woman.

Mel. What needs that torture, Madam? Men on the Rack will ſtill out-talk the Truth; Swear, Lye, Blaſpheme, for preſent eaſe.

Aur. To your Guard, Madam; the Count comes up towards us, but our Gallants are fled.

Parh. That's as I would have it; clap on your Masks, and let's give him a broad ſide.

Sings

Sings a Song to the *Theorbo*.

Let us turn Usurers of Time,
And not misspend an hour;
The present, not the future's in our pow'r.
To think to spend what's not our own's a Crime.
He whose soft life's in mirth possest,
Enjoyes his time with interest.
Love, and a Muse,
Brings Use on Use;
For Money's but the Slave, and Time the Measure,
And Wit the Handmaid, Love the Queen of Pleasure.

Parh. Sir, if this rude address may find from you,
Or Credit, or Excuse, there is a Lady
Has oft wish'd you happy: whether through
Love to Justice, which would cease to be so
Were she not tributary to your Merits;
Or some kind secret Charm which strongly ties
All unconcern'd Spectators to be partial,
I'll not determine: yet in all dubious sports
As well as War, where Art and Courage rule,
She wish'd you still victorious, and you prov'd so:
Therefore she thanks you, for her joys receiv'd.
Sfor. Madam, did not my faith in you out-weigh
Th' opinion of my self, and unbelief
Were not a greater sin than arrogance;
I ne'r should harbor such a flatt'ring thought:
Yet had I dar'd to hope my abject Fortune
Could move the precious cares of a fair Lady;
Sure I had spurr'd Ambition, though I'de tir'd her.
Parh. If Passion's bitter Throes frail Women hide,
They silence Love through Modesty or Pride.
My thoughts from such accusers are exempt.
This keeps off other's laughter, your contempt. *Pointing to*
I shall no longer then suppress my fires: *her Masque.*
Sublime Deserts may justifie Desires.

If.

If Love's a Vertue, 'tis by all Men known
Useful to show, and Glorious to own:
If 'tis a Vice that Women should detest;
Yet Crimes become less sinful when confest. *Exit.*

Sfor. Methinks I find some Lightning pierce my Heart!
Heav'ns! what a Voice, a Wit, a Shape, an Air!
The Face is kept for nothing but despair,
And yet she seems to love, but gives no hopes
Of seeing her unmasqu'd. Well, 'tis no matter
How a Man plays his Cards, if Women shew their Hands.
Oh I'm content she may be ever veil'd;
My Heart's too narrow to contain more Love:
It will boil over like some flaming Mountain,
And burn the Vital Regions round about it.
Religion's veil'd in Types from vulgar Eyes;
None e're return'd to tell Celestial joys.
If Heav'n were left for ev'ry one to see,
Heav'n would be Hell, with too much company. *Exit.*

The SCENE *Cornanti's House.*

Enter Bellinganna *and* Vigilia.

Bell. This *Trivultio* is a pretender to my Cousin *Aurana*;
He's a handsome young fellow, and talks well.

Vigil. And the other is *Signiora Melinda's* Servant.

Bell. The very same.

Vigil. But I think their Mistresses are kept up so close,
That the Gallants are at liberty.

Enter Cornanti *furiously.*

Cor. Hell and Damnation! nothing draw out
But Airy Bankrupt, gawdy Buttersflies,
The Apes of chattering *Frenchmen*, that boast
Of every Ladies favour they once saw,
Or once but heard of!
I'll stop your peep-holes, and your Jalouzies;
And here's my Justice for thy next offence. [*Shews his Dagger.*

Bell. Oh Heav'ns! be pleas'd to hear,

Cor.

Cor. I'll no more.,
Impudent Strumpet; ſtir not from thy Chamber,
Nor you from her, *Vigilia*: *Eunuch*, lock 'em in,
And guard the door; and you, *Jacomo*,
See that the Eunuch execute his charge.
Let no man enter upon pain of death,
But Father *Scrutinio* the Confeſſor, he may ſecure
Unſtable airy Minds, with ſtrong preſervatives
Of Holineſs, , and wiſely throw in Seeds
Of Virtue, pregnant Grounds to keep from Weeds.

Exeunt Bell. *and* Vigil. *the door ſhut upon them*

Knocking without. Enter Scrutinio *the Confeſſor.*

Oh, here comes the ſearcher for prohibited Goods.
Yet 'tis well, if this Confeſſion have not the effect of vomiting,
To make Men the more ravenouſly hungry afterwards.
Welcome, reverend Father, thrice welcome, and in ſeaſon.

Scrut. I'm glad, Sir, you are one of thoſe, that give our Coat
It's primitive eſteem: 'twill not be loſt, Sir,
'Twill not be loſt, nor unrewarded long.

Cor. I hope ſome years yet. [*Aſide.*
My Wife attends your Fatherhood within.
Oh, Sir, Confeſs her ſtrictly; there has been
Of late ſome ſecret practice, I can tell you, —} *Draws it out*
That ſhould not be.—May not a Husband have } *ridiculouſly.*
A little *Item*, or ſo, how things do go?

Scrut. Wicked, and blaſphemous! repent that thought.
In what ſtorms is this poor Man toſt, wanting
Religion's Ballaſt!

Cor. Oh what a feeble Fort's a Woman's Heart,
Betray'd by Nature, and beſieg'd by Art!
Oh repreſent the horror of the Crime;
Give Vice the darkeſt and the uglieſt ſhade,
And put the Devil in a Maſquerade.

Scrut. Sir, we can add wry Mouths, and Horns, and Claws,
And Prayer-provoking Tails, as we ſee cauſe;
But, Sir, 'tis ſtrange you ſhould inſtruct me thus
In an employment ſo well known to us.

Is Jealousie than Conscience more severe?
My Duty less Religious than your Fear?

Cor. Well, 'tis enough Boy, guide the Reverend Father in.

Exit Scrut.

Well, now the Guards are set, the Garrison secure,
I'll go ramble, and enquire after this Purchase
Trivultio spoke of. Yet hold—not to *Trivultio*,
Lest he come hither again a visiting,
With a Pox to him: I'll treat with him by a Friend.
Hold again.—But if [*Offers to go, and stops.*
This secrecy be a Gallants highest quality,
To please the Females, curb'd by Fear and Honor;
May not these Priests be held secure Offenders,
Whom fear of Death obliges to be silent?
Or, were there no such Law, why, then
They're Favorites of necessity; not choice,
Or Prudence: like to chief Ministers of State,
Who dive so far into their Masters Secrets,
'Tis dangerous to refuse to show 'em more.
Well, search no farther, Reason; Faith, take place:
Old Age and Piety resolve this Case. *Exit.*

The SCENE, *The* Piazza *of* St. Mark.

Enter Intrigo *and* Circumstantio.

Well, *Circumstantio*, now give account of the Message I gave you this morning, and all the memorable occurrences of your journey; but remember withal, that you must make your approaches regularly to your Betters, and in due form: not leap upon 'em, and take 'em by assault, or storm 'em.

Circ. Then, Sir, with due submission to your Honourable prudence.——

Int. Or rather thus. Striking sail to your intellectual Gravity.

Circ. Striking sail to your Hectical Gravity——

Int. Why, I hope it is no Disease, *Circumstantio*, but the most perfect state of mind.

Circ.

Circ. Why, did not your Worship bid me make my reproaches regularly to your Honor's Worship?

Int. Still erroneous. Well, go on to thy Message.

Circ. Well then, Sir, going to go, according to your Worships Command, as much as to say, according to my Duty, as much as to say, to fetch the *Naples* Wastcoats of Don *Henriquez* the *Spanish* Merchant; I had no sooner got to the end of the street, but, as sure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, who should I meet with but honest *Lorenzo*, Count *Sforza*'s Man, my old Comrogue; if your Worship chance to see him, he's a Red-headed fellow, and goes with his Hat turn'd up on one side, with a silver Button, and a brown Suit of Cloaths, a little out at the Elbows.

Int. Wondrous exact! [*Aside.*

Circ. So in we went into a little House, to take our mornings draught together; by the same token there was in the room we sate in, an old Worm-eaten Cup-board, two Tables, with a greazy Curtain betwixt 'em, four Forms, and three Joyn'd-stools.

Int. Admirably punctual! He improves daily. [*Aside.*

Circ. And on the Walls were decypher'd certain Warlike Instruments, like Cannons or Battering Rams, which I conceive to have been done with the smoak of a Candle.

Int. Alas! some antient Fresco-piece of a *Roman* Battel: I'll enquire farther of it. [*Aside, shaking his Head.*

Circ. Our Liquor exhausted, and our reckoning paid, out I went into the street again towards Don *Henrique's* as fast as ever I could run, but, as sure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, who should I meet with at the next turning, but a whorson Chimny-sweeper ——

Int. Well, *Circumstantio*, I'm a little in haste, I will dispense with any farther occurrences: go on to the point, and give me an account of the *Naples* Wastcoats.

Circ. Oh Lord, Master, are you mad, to interrupt me? why, then my story's at an end; I cannot tell one syllable more, if I were to dye for't, unless I begin again, word for word.

Int. Nay, prithee proceed for once; I'm in haste.

Circ. Why, I tell you 'tis impossible. Your Worship com-

manded me to forget no circumstances of my journey, and my Head is so full of 'em, and they are rang'd in such order, that, being once put out of it, I cannot speak one word more forwards, if I were to be hang'd.

Int. Believe it, I fear this admirable method turns to an infirmity. Well, we will rectify this at another time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scrutinio, Trivultio.

Scrut. I'm sorry, Sir, to find you so incredulous.
Were there no evidence of future Worlds,
Yet it were worth the while to wave a little
Th' uneasy sins of over-acted Life,
And play at Hazard for such high rewards.
Who would not stake a Cottage for a Kingdom?

Triv. Sir, there are few grow rich at Lotteries,
But those who keep 'em; yet I am all faith,
But cannot think that Nature prompts to crimes.
Would Heav'n make Laws on purpose to be broke?
Put Cats and Mice into a Chest of Glasses?

Scrut. Oh, Sir, forbear, forbear; in these dark points
The more we seek, the less we find:
Like Men that Hunt in wide and shady Forrests,
Pursue the Game till they have lost themselves.
In this deep Gulf, short Reason's Plummet cannot
Sound to the bottom, till by Faith 'tis lengthn'd.
But, Sir, set Faith aside; you are a Man
Of Honour, and of noble Bloud, you fear
To do an injury, more than take one?

Triv. I, were there no Religion.

Scrut. You would not
Defraud your neighbor of the meanest good?

Triv. No, not the least.

Scrut. And yet you'll take away the greatest.
Then do you think a Woman no great good?

Triv. No, faith, don't I.

Scrut. Not a Wife?

Triv. No, worst of all.

Scrut.

Scrut. Not a belov'd one, or a Miſtreſs?

Triv. That may require Reflexion.

Scrut. Then know you not the fair and young Wife of old Signior *Cornanti.*

Triv. I hope, if ſhe be ſo, he is too wiſe t'expoſe her to be known.

Scrut. Alas, who can be ſecure from inquiſitive Adultery? Did not you attempt her Honor?

Triv. Who, I, Sir,—What the Devil means this? [*Aſide.*

Scrut. Add not one ſin to another, by denying it: the circumſtances will convince you.

Triv. 'Tis true, Sir, I ſaw her at her Houſe this morning, and put the jealous Coxcomb her Husband into a cold ſweat; but, what more?

Scrut. Oh, Sir, deny it not, for Heaven's ſake. The truth of this was witneſs'd by her Tears. You came afterwards to her Window, which looks to the *Strada Nuova*, and gave her ſome Muſick.

Triv. Oh, are you there, Sir? I never did this; but it ſeems ſhe has a mind I ſhould do it. Rare Wench. [*Aſide.*
Well, Sir, 'tis a folly to deny ſuch manifeſt proofs.

Scrut. Are you a man of Honor now, and Juſtice,
To catch at that which cannot be reſtor'd?
Oh, Sir, conceive the horror of the crime
If acted, doubly mortal.
The High-way Thief, that bids a man deliver,
Though valour, or ſome accident, frees th' aſſaulted,
By moſt of Humane Laws ſhall ſuffer death,

Triv. Lovers are rather, Sir, blind High-way Beggars,
That nothing ask, but what the Ladies in the Coach
Are able both, and willing to be rid of.

Scrut. Compare not Charity with vicious Love.

Triv. Lance me no farther, Father; I feel already
Moſt ſharp compunction, and beg the ſalve of Pennance.

Scrut. If you be ſerious, find me in my Cell:
I have diſcharg'd my Meſſage. *Exit.*

Triv. And an excellent one, y'faith, for thy Coat! Oh moſt Divine *Bellinganna*! this was a Maſter-piece: there is Lechery

ry in the very contrivance. As sure as I live, her Husband has so streightly confin'd her, that she can make use of no body else. A man had need to have his wits about him, in this quick-sighted Philosophical Age, wherein whoring is improv'd to a liberal Science, and deserves the consideration of a Society. I'll lose as little time as I can, but to the Window by and by towards the *Strada Nuova*.
Oh! there 'tis. *Exit.*

Enter Sforza *walking alone.*

Sfor. The State decrees me Honors and Commands;
Nor want I wealth, the Dregs and Lees of Virtue,
Its grosest part, but that which keeps it working:
Fame is my waiting-Woman, every where so officious,
That she is troublesome; yet cannot I suppress
A new-born Passion, for an unknown Lady.
This Love usurps upon, and baffles all enjoyments else:
'Tis like Religion, or is a kind of one,
Which makes us dull and senseless to all other things;
While we are wrapt in splendid Contemplations:
And this Amour of mine is a high piece of Faith,
Unseen Perfections, undiscover'd Worlds!
I'm like the worst of Prodigals, that Sign to Blanks,
And blindfold pass Estates without all power
Of Revocation. Oh! these Passions
Are but the cracks and splinters of the Soul,
Shatter'd and bruis'd by some external Power,
Which might securely lye in its own Haven.
Mens minds, like Kingdoms, never so much flourish
As when they raise the price of Native Goods,
And set low values upon Forreign Wares.

Parthelia *appears at a* Grill *unmasqu'd, then she Masques her self, and speaks to him.*

Parth. Sforza, Sforza.
Sfor. Ha! A Woman's voice! [*Starts.*
Parth.

Parh. I, and a Friend's: draw near;
Disdain becomes a Lover more than Fear.

Sfor. My Goddess too, I think; 'tis hard to know
Our Friends reveal'd; disguis'd, 'tis much more so.

Parh. If Actions more than Looks, the mind declare,
Then learn to love; but who 'tis, take no care.

Sfor. Madam, the Eye as well as Ear, would feast;
Carve not for one alone, but every Guest:
Or, if some wait, yet Love would see at least.

Parh. Why shouldst thou think that pleasure to confine
Which all Men that have Eyes, must share with thine?
The beauty of the Soul's the ground of Love,
And her Ideas, in the face do move:
For no Man is to White and Red inclin'd;
But to the Air, the Picture of the mind:
Then, if the Soul will show it self as clear
Without the Face, her weak interpreter,
Sure he is wise that with the Sovraign treats:
Courtiers and Mediators oft prove Cheats.

Sfor. The Soul, with all her Maids and Spies,
Comes down to Dance, and Revel in the Eyes:
And shall we trust the Tongue, the falsest part
In Woman-kind, next to the Heart?

Parh. I scorn to be ador'd the vulgar way:
If fair, I you; if foul, my self betray.
But hope the best, true Love will pass a Veil:
Your Faith may save you, when your Works do fail.

Sfor. When the Soul grants what Reason makes her see,
That is true Faith, what's more's credulity.

Parh. Despair more Souls, than does Presumption slay;
And Hope sends Men to Hell the sweeter way.

Sfor. Fight not so weak a Foe, and use a Shield.
You lye in Ambush; I, in open Field.
'Tis I that Fight upon unequal Ground.

Parh. 'Tis you that Fight, and can receive no Wound.

Sfor. Oh! I am wounded; but shall sing dying
Give me the blow of Mercy from your Eye.

[*One calls within, Madam.*

Parh.

Parh. I'm call'd away, Farewel:
In th' afternoon you'll find me here again.

Sfor. Oh, admirable, Divine Person! Oh I am all on fire! If this Lady should have an ill Face, to so excellent a Soul, it were the greatest Cheat that ever was put upon the World. But, if it be so, 'tis in mercy to Mankind; an Antidote to her poison, as most destructive Creatures carry with them:
Or else the World would be destroy'd once more;
Now, by her Flames, as by the Waves, before. *Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Trivultio, and *Boy*.

THis is the backside of *Cornanti*'s Palace, and this his Ladies Chamber Window, the Confessor spoke of. There is no failing of Women at their critical minutes, if you do, they'l hate you ever after, and think you want vigor, or apprehension. Counsels in Love, like Stratagems in War, are to be taken on the suddain, when you find the Enemy in disorder, or your own Men fittest for action. I'll give her a Song; but none of your whining Ditties to Women of experience. Boy, play the Tune I told you of.

The Boy Plays, and Bellinganna *appears at the Window,* Vigilia *her* Duegna *in a Veil and Muffler peeping after her.*

Bell. 'Tis *Trivultio.*

Boy *or* Trivultio *Sing.*

CUpid, *I scorn to beg thy Art*
From thy imaginary Throne;
To learn to wound another's Heart,
Or how to heal my own.
If she be coy, My Airy Mind
Brooks not a Siege: if she be kind,
She proves my Scorn, that wins my Wonder;
For Towns that yield I hate to plunder.

Love

Love is a Game, Hearts are the Prize,
Pride keeps the Stakes, Art throws the Dice:
When either's won
The Game is done.
Love is a coward, hunts the flying Prey;
But, when it once ſtands ſtill, Love runs away.

Enter Intrigo.

Int. Ha! now ſhall I find one of his Miſtreſſes Lodgings, and be reveng'd of him for his Dilapidations. Truſt me, 'tis the backſide of *Cornanti*'s Palace. A brave Lady indeed.

Bell. [*Looking out.*] A very indifferent Lover! What, *Trivltio* attempting the Honor of a Senator's Wife? Here's a penitential Note for you.

[*Throws down a Paper and retires.*

Triv. Bleſt Viſion, ſtay a little. She's gone: but that's her Body, here's her Soul. [*Takes up the Letter and opens it.*

My Husband fears no Devils but your White ones: therefore for the ſecurity of his Perſon, he has juſt now ſent out his ſervant *Jacomo*, to buy a Negro Slave: put your ſelf into that Colour and Habit, and find means to be ſold to him, and you ſhall be aſſur'd of a kind Reception.

Ha! a Negro Lover? for ought I know to abuſe me. I'll not leave my ſelf wholy to your diſcretion, Madam, for all my great Paſſion; I'll find a cleanlier way than that, ſure; Let me ſee! I'll ſend for the old Goſſip that appear'd at the Window, and corrupt her: there's none of 'em proof againſt ten *Checquins*; and *Sforza* has ſupply'd me with Money enough. How Sanctify'dly ſhall I look in a long Veil and a Chin-cloth!

Boy. Oh, Sir, I know a Chare-woman that haunts the Houſe every day.

Triv. Send her away preſently, and let her promiſe the *Duegna* ten *Checquins* to come to my Lodging. In the mean time will I go ſee what divertiſement the Church affords, where I ſhall

meet all the good company. I love to shoot at a whole Covey at once; ten to one but some drop.

Trivultio *puts his Note towards his pocket, and drops it, and* Exit *with his Boy.* Intrigo *comes and takes it up, and reads it to himself.*

Int. What a Jewel is here neglected by this idle young fellow! no wiser than *Æsop*'s Cock. Oh the giddiness of these Kickshaw-Gallants! 'tis a high point of Wisdom to take occasion by the forelock; take heed of her bald Pate as long as you live. I must not let this slip however. *Exit.*

The Scene, *A Church, full of Ladies.*

Enter Parhelia, Aurana, *and* Melinda, *walking.*

Mel. Your Courting the Count in a Masque, is the whole Town-talk.

Aur. And every body's guessing who you are.

Parh. And no body right I hope.

Aur. I'm sure we suffer for't, and could hardly get leave to come to Church to day.

Parh. Alas, poor prisoners; I'm in perfect freedom.

Aur. But do you hear how *Cornanti* guards my poor Cousin *Bellinganna*?

Parh. I hear from her hourly. But hark you *Melinda*, shall I ask you a hard question? will you lend me your Gallant for an hour or two, for a design I have?

Mel. Content, Madam.

Parh. I am inform'd Count *Sforza* will be here presently. In this new Habit 'tis impossible to know me: I'll pretend to be another Woman, and try his constancy.

Mel What a pretty device will that be!

Parh. I'll leave you, that he may not guess me by my company. *Puts on her Masque, and slips into the croud.*

Enter

Enter Visconti: *comes up to* Melinda.

Visc. Madam, well met.
Must I owe this to Fortune, or Design?
Mel. Oh, Sir, Devotion brings unthought of Blessings,
But happinesses here on Earth are short.
We have spies upon us:
As their Devotions end, so must our Conference.
Visc. Ah my dear Saint, these fleeting Heav'nly Visions
Serve but t' increase our pains by their privation:
A broken Interview
Is worse than absence which may quench desire;
This serves to blow up, not enjoy the Fire.
Raising a Passion, leaves us to its fury;
There's no such torment as too short a joy.

Enter Trivultio, *and comes up to* Aurana.

Mel. The sweetest Meats are the most apt to cloy
But I have found out an expedient:
My Father has been inquiring out a French Master for me;
Disguise your self presently like one, and come and offer your service to him: 'twill take my life for't.
When you have got free admission to our House.
The Princess *Parhelia* desires your assistance
In some of her affairs.
Visc. I'll about it strait.
Aur. Such swarms of Beauty fill this Carnival,
That you must needs be stung that are so ventrous.
I am too happy that I hear no more
Your frolicks nor your flatteries at my Window.
Triv. I hate to see our Mistresses at Grates
Look like coop'd Chickens piping for their Meat,
Or like poor Prisoners, begging for an Alms.
And Lovers in the Streets, like helpless friends
Who may uncharitably entertain 'em

With a discourse of their miseries,
But must not lend a farthing to their Purse.

Aur. 'Tis Men that are the Canting Mimic Beggars,
Whose Art, not Misery, attracts relief.
I've said too much, *Trivultio*, we're observ'd. [*Turns away.*

Triv. Whither so fast?

Aur. I cannot chuse but love this young fellow, for all his indifference: I love a Man that knows how to value his own Sex, and cheapen slight-wrought Woman.

Triv. Here are Riches, but Marriage attends it: a Golden Trap. My free-born Genius moves for *Bellinganna*. Lying with another Man's Wife, is like invading an Enemies Countrey: there's both Love and Ambition in't; 'tis an enterprize fit for a great Spirit.

Enter Visconti *and* Sforza, *who comes up to* Trivultio.

Sfor. Heigh ho! What a Stream's here!
I wonder much what makes these Females so devout;
Is it their Fear or their Credulity?

Triv. Oh, no. Two other Graces: Pride and Lechery.
I wonder more that Men, who scarce allow them Souls,
Will give 'em leave to croud into our Churches,
Where they have as ill an effect as fine strangers
In *Grammar-Schools*: for, though the Boys keep on
Their hum-drum still, yet none of 'em mind
Their Lesson for looking about 'em.

Visc. Oh, Sir, this is the great Market of Matrimony: Here 'tis begun, made up, and broken too.

Triv. Matrimony! for Heaven's sake name it not.
I do not love to hear the sound of Fetters.

Sfor. Oh, pray let's humour him a little, I think indeed the strictness of it was but a kind of juggle, betwixt the Women and the Fryars.

Triv. True, such a devilish thing could never have been found out else. 'Twas worse than the invention of Gunpowder; and 't has alter'd the course of Love, more than the other has done of War.

Visc.

Viſc. Imparity of Minds is worſe than Bodies:
And which two are of the ſame mind for ever?

Triv. I, or at any time. If People love well, there needs no Marriage to confine 'em; if not, 'tis cruelty to couple two churliſh diſagreeing Curs, and ſin not to unlooſe 'em. I would not uſe my Dogs ſo. True; Men are chain'd in Gallies, Horſes bridled, and Oxen yoak'd to work:
For ſlaviſh Offices and things ungrateful,
Conſtraint is neceſſary, but for the Sweets of Love,
To have a Task impos'd; t'have Men, like hir'd Town Bulls,
Made amorous by force, and beating to't!
Do Men chain up themſelves at Dinner to their Tables?
Or do they Hunt, or Bowl, or Dance in Shackles?
If Marriage is a ſport, confinement makes it leſs;
If 'tis a work, are drudgeries the better for being endleſs?

Parhelia, *Masqu'd, comes up to* Sforza.

Parh. Sir, if you pleaſe to withdraw into this private Chappel, I ſhall acquaint you with a thing that may concern you. *They withdraw.*

Triv. So, faith, he's engag'd, the Lord knows with whom; whether my Miſtreſs, or another Man's Wife, no matter. The World runs round, and I'll be behind hand with none of 'em, But I muſt ſlip away to the old Woman. *Exit.*

Viſc. Another Familiar! Let me ſee, Who may this be? or who may it not be? O my conſcience, this credulous Man of Honor, will have his Throat cut, by one of theſe Curtezans. [*Looks nearer.*

Parh. to Sfor. Sir, your accompliſhments have wearied Fame,
Employ'd Men's Tongues, and Ladies Hearts; you keep
A correſpondence with all Female Breaſts;
Yet ſome deſerve that influence more than others:
And how can they deſerve 't, that are aſham'd
Of their defects, and dare not ſhow themſelves?
Sir,, your Adventure's blaz'd about the Town,
Your meeting ſince, and with you know not whom:
Your Prudence ſuffers in't, and others Paſſions;

Amongſt

Amongſt them, mine I'll be as free in all things,
As ſhe's reſerv'd: I'm jealous of your Fairy,
And am reſolv'd to break all her Inchantments,
If Beauty, Place, or Riches can uncharm you
Equal to hers I'm ſure. Your Eyes ſhall be
My Judges, 'fore you ſleep *Exit.* Sforza *following:*
Viſconti *ſtops him.*

Viſc. What does ſhe ſay to you?

Sfor. I'll tell you preſently.
Let me go. Death, now is ſhe loſt in the croud!

Viſc. Let her go, with a pox to her; ſhe'l come again, when the fit's upon her. Look, look, here's a pretty Woman, without a Mask.

Sfor, Thou haſt undone me. [*Walks a turn or two melancholly.*
Now am I like a Partridge betwixt two hooded Hawks,
Peck'd at by both, and kill'd out-right by neither
I fare like to ſome guiltleſs Great one
Whom arm'd, injuſtice brings to his deſtruction,
By Executioners in Vizors tortur'd,
Aſham'd, or fearful, of the impious Act. (*Perſians.*

Viſc. You'll rather dye the death of Tub'd and pickl'd
With Honey firſt anointed, then Fly-blown to another World.
Theſe Maſquerades are all Trapans and Cheats:
It is the Cauſe, not pain, that makes the Martyr;
I ne'r had lov'd, had I not view'd *Melinda.*

Sfor. I grant ſhe's lovely; but ſhe's to be ſeen.
Tell me of Angels, thoſe are my Amours:
Thoſe things are mean, are forc'd to court the Eyes,
The Porters of the Soul, to give 'em entrance.
Give me the Charms that enter without knocking;
The intellectual Graces, that, like Lightning,
Pierce, and inflame the Soul, before they 're ſeen. *Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE, Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Intrigo *like a* Moor, Eunuch.

Eun. Here, will you play at Cards? [*Shews him Cards.*
Will you play at *Mora*? [*Opens his Hand, and throws out his Fingers.*
This fellow's no better company than one of my Maſter's Statues. A murrain of this jealouſie, we ſhall never have but Mopes and Owls in our Houſe.

Enter Trivultio *like the* Duegna, *with a Muffler on.*

Oh, are you come? then my Lady may come forth.
[*Runs and opens the door for his Lady*

Enter Bellinganna.

Bell. Oh, *Vigilia*, how does thy ſwell'd Face?

Triv. Something better, Madam, with a Medicin I had from the *Speciale*. (*Curtſying.*)

Intr. May not this be an occaſion Adæquate, or Quadrating to my Deſigne? She is never to be ſpoke with, without her *Duegna*; and if ſhe over-hears, they are all one. [*Aſide.*
Oh, Madam, 'tis I. [*Coming cloſe to* Bellinganna.

Bell. Who are you?

Intr. Oh, 'tis I, 'tis I, 'tis more diſcreet not to name *Trivultio.* [*Aſide.*

Bell. Which of the I's? there's many of the name, Sir.

Intr. 'Tis I my ſelf.

Bell. Better and better: but who are you your ſelf?

Intr. Oh, Madam, I tell you 'tis I my ſelf; who ſhould it be elſe? Your Beauty is the cauſe of my preſent deformity.

Bell. Well, Sir, I'm ſorry I could not contrive a better diſguiſe; my Husband is ſo extreamly careful of my converſation, a leſs would not have blinded him.

Triv. So, ſo, y'faith, the next word is into the Bed-chamber; But I'll forbid the Banes. [*Aſide.*

Intr.

Intr. Madam, to my Conception, this Diſguiſe is a moſt prudent Veil for illicite Love.

Bell. Methinks *Trivultio* talks a little idly: Pray Heaven he have the Wit I fancied. [*Aſide.*

Intr. And, withal, let me tell you, Madam, under the Roſe, (pray let it go no farther) you are not the firſt Lady, whoſe Secrets I have participated; and, though I ſay it that ſhould not, manag'd with circumſpection and taciturnity.

Triv. Ha, ha, he! Under the Roſe! nay then I ſmell a Rat. Oh, I ſhall burſt with laughing. —— [*Aſide.*
Madam, methinks this Man looks not like *Trivultio.*

Bell. Trivultio! why *Trivultio?* [*Seems ſtrange.*

Triv. Why, Madam, you walk not in the dark to me. Did not you invite him by your Confeſſor? 'Twas a pretty invention.

Bell. Ay me! Nay, if theſe Confeſſors betray us, what will become of us poor Women: But who could have thought this Man of Heaven could have pick'd out the meaning of an amorous Meſſage?

Triv. And did not I ſee you throw down a Note to *Trivultio.*?

Bell. I, to abuſe him.

Triv. I take it very unkindly, that I, that have been employ'd by you, upon ſo many difficult occaſions, ſhould now be left out. Turn out your Black, that we may talk more freely.

Bell. Pray, Sir, ſtay without, and have a little patience.

Int. Patience, Madam! there lies my Talent. I have waited ſeven years for the kiſs of a fair Lady's Hand, and when it came, 'twas with her Glove on too. *Exit.*

Bell. Oh admirable!

Triv. God b' ye, good patient Pack-Horſe.
Well, Madam, you ſent for *Trivultio,* it ſeems; but ſuppoſe he were here, would you not diſcover him to your Huſband?

Bell. No, indeed: I would employ him about ſome buſineſs; but, it may be, not ſuch as he imagines. He ſhall have free Ingreſs and Regreſs: that's as much as a civil Woman can ſay.

Why

Triv. Why then here he is. [*Pulls off his Disguise.*

Bell. Trivultio here and there too!
May I believe my senses?

Triv. The very same.
How could I think you lov'd an *Æthiop*?

Bell. Oh, any shape that carried you within it [*Drollingly.*
But where's the old Serpent, whose Skin you wear?

Triv. At my Lodging.

Bell. Oh the crafty old Queen! you paid her well for this.
Who would have thought this wild fellow would have come upon so slight an invitation! But I'll make use of the occasion, for my Cousin *Aurana*'s sake, and to plague my Husband for his jealousie. [*Aside.*
And who's this Black?

Triv. Oh, I shall dye!—Oh, 'tis I, 'tis I [*Laughs.*
'Tis he himself, indeed, Madam; the first of the name. An Original. Who should it be else?

Bell. Oh, I know him: the Statesman and the Courtier! [*Laughs.*

Triv. And the most peerless Coxcomb that ever Nature made, or Art improv'd; but how he came hither in this reverend Form I was design'd for, I cannot guess; unless it were by instinct to be jear'd.

Bell. 'Tis strange, unless my Husband sent him for a spy.

Triv. No, no, 'twas his destiny: no conceited trick could scape him.

Bell. Put on your Veil, and call him in. [*Calls him in.*

Re-enter Intrigo

Come hither, Sir; why do you injure your self so much, by concealing your name? your grave and wise deportment, speaks you to be an excellent person, whom Fame has made known to me, by the name of *Intrigo*.
No Clouds can keep the Sun from shining through 'em.
How could your Parts and Prudence be obscur'd?

Those Essences betray you.

Int. Well, Madam, that you may not think your Favours mis-plac'd, I will not say I am the person you speak of, but never a man in *Italy* could have manag'd this design with so much dexterity, as the person you wot of: and, now I have said so much of him, I must beg your pardon, I shall say no more.

Bell. You're a modest Man, Sir. Well, you are better read in Women, than to doubt my kindness to you. But this kind of Amours must be manag'd with much Prudence, Circumspection, and Taciturnity.

Int. Taciturnity! my own words! 'Tis a signe she likes e'm [*Aside.*

Bell. Here is my *Duegna*, without whose consent we can do nothing. The greatest tye upon her secrecy, will be to make her party to the crime: make your addresses to her first, and oblige her with your Love. You know the Out-works must be taken, before the main Garrison: when that's done, I will not say you shall command me, but I leave you to guess it.

Int. Oh, Divine Madam. *Malvezzi*, nor *Paruta* could not have deliverd a more Politick Precept! Let me alone for this Province. Now the God of Love and Prudence assist me.

Comes up to Trivultio, *and waits on him out most ceremoniously. Bell follows.*

Scene, Grimani's House.

Aurana, Melinda: *two* Duegna's *attending them.*

Aur. With much ado I got leave to make this visit. Well, let us make the best use of our time, since our Fathers let us be together so seldom. How goes it with thy Heart, sweet Cousin, Does thy Lovers go true to't?

Mel. As punctually as two Watches that are seldom wound up together.

Aur. My Cousin *Bellingamna* has just now sent me word to come to her House, where I shall meet my wandring dear *Trivultio*, and fix him.

Mel.

Mel. How comes he there?

Aur. Nay, I know not.

Mel. And I'll tell you ſomething more: we muſt all meet at the *Doge's Villa*; whence, if we ever part uncoupled, may oportunity never favour Fleſh and Bloud again.

Aur. Right; we are no frozen Lovers here in *Italy*. In luke-warm *England*, they'l ſlabber, kiſs, make Love like Cats at midnight, break Gold, promiſe, contract, and ſometimes ne'r enjoy, or Marry ſeven years after.

Mel. I, I, they'l ſit at dinner when their Meat is cold: *Italian* Stomachs ſcarce will ſtay for Grace.

Aur. Indeed I have heard 'em ſay, they're an odd ſort of puling people in thoſe parts, though they're ſomething mended of late years.

Enter Grimani, *and* Viſconti *like a* Frenchman.

Mel. Now, Couſin, to let you ſee I'm as forward as you can be, do you know this Genleman? a *French* Maſter of mine.

Aur. Ha, ha, he: *Viſconti*! how odly he looks!

Grim. Well, *Mounſou*, what wind brought you into theſe parts?

Viſc. De natural inclinaſeeon dat me have had from a Shilde to ſee de Vorld, and de Payes Eſtranger.

Grim. Very good. Of other Nations, none travel but rich Men, but the *French* go a begging all over the World, and live better than at home.

Viſc. Me have ver good Eſtate in *France*, but me had de mal heur, to have a kerelle wid meen Couſin Germain, and had de good fortune to wound him dangerouſly wid de Boutevilles truſt, Comme ſa! (*Fences with his Arms.*) So me is retiré for a littel, and in de mean teem, me do cher-cher de condiſeeon.

Grim. A true *Frenchman*; for at their firſt acquaintance, they will tell you all the Quarrels, and all the Claps that ever they had, and ſhow their Wounds in any part. ——— *Aſide.* Well, *Mounſou*, beſides the ſpeaking your own natural

Language, what are the qualities you are good at?

Visc. Oh, me be good at de many ding; me can make de Perukes.

Mel. This ſpeaks my Maſter a Man of Quality.

Visc. Me can ſing as well as de *Eunuch Italien.*

Grim. I would he were one too, then I might ſecurely admit him into my Family.——— [*Aſide.*

Well, what elſe *Mounſou*?

Visc. Oh, me can Fence, reed de great Oarſe, me is good Barbier, good Cuiſinier, good Button-makere; and in caſe de neceſſité, me can mend de Breeſhes, de Stockings, and de Ladies Cowns.

Grim. Oh the Monſter! from riding the Great Horſe, to Footing of Stockings! theſe travelling *Frenchmen* are like their Pottages, made up of every thing.

Aur. He Acts it rarely!——— [*Aſide.*

Mel. But, *Mounſou*, methinks all theſe good qualities ſhould maintain you in cleaner Linnen.

Visc. Oh, de Nobleſs de *France* never put on de under Shirt but once in de halfe year; but for de Jentileſſes dat appeare, de clean Sleeve, and de clean Crevat, every oder month. *Exeunt.*

The Scene, Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Enter Cornanti, Jacomo, Intrigo.

Cor. Where had you this Black?

Jac. I bought him at the *Porto Santo*,

Cor. Methinks he is a better favour'd *Moor* than ordinary.

Jac. I, Sir, his Noſe is not ſo flat as moſt of theirs, and he has not altogether ſuch a black Moſſy Pate.

Cor. I like him never the better for his good Features: but ſpeaks he not our Language?

Jac. Not a word, Sir.

Cor. Oh, then 'tis well enough. But, a pox, theſe ſtrait-chin'd *Moors* will make plaguy ſigns to a Woman. Didſt thou ever hear him ſpeak?

Jac.

Jac. I, and underſtand him too.—My Maſter, I'm ſure, ſpeaks no *Moriſco*; I'll paſs for a Learned Man. [*Aſide.*

Cor. How didſt thou come to learn their Language?

Jac. Oh, Sir, I was a Slave fourteen months at *Algiers*. I was taken in Cavalier *Strozzi*'s Ship, about twenty years ago, and learn'd their Language ſo perfectly, that I was made Interpreter to the Ambaſſadors that came to the Governor. Oh, Sir, you ſhall hear. Have at you, Sir..

Andiboron hoblicon hu.

Int. Now for ſome hard words or I'm undone.

[*Aſide pauſing.*

Tirenatum tenoch comti.

Cor. What's that now?

Jac. Why, marry Sir, I told him, that you ſaid he ſhonld be well us'd; and he made an anſwer, that ſhew'd a great deal of Reſpect, but little manners: in fine, 'tis a great compliment in their Countrey.

Cor. Come, come, what is it?

Jac. Why, Sir, the Sence of it is, He takes it to be an Honor to be employ'd in your moſt contemptible Offices.

Cor. Come, you're a Rogue: this is no humane Language; but the Dialect of the *Barbary* Stallions. Say that over again.

Jac. Dilloron loſicon hu.

Cort. You Rogue you, that's not the ſame.

Jac. Pox o' this dull memory of mine.

[*Aſide ſcratching his Head.*

'Tis very near the ſame, Sir. I confeſs I cannot now ſpeak it ſo well; but never a man in *Italy* underſtands it better.

Cor. You're a bold Knave, Sirrah. I'll go in, to my Wife, and bring her to ſee her new Servant. *Exit.*

Int. This Steward, be like, is a grave well-Letter'd Man. He was Interpreter to the King of *Algiers*. Upon ſecond thoughts, he muſt needs know that I ſpeak not good *Moriſco*. Now is the Critical time, in the abſence of his Maſter, to bribe him to ſilence. Pray Sir, come near, here's ſomething for you. [*Shows him a handful of Money.*

Jac. Oh Lord, all Languages! this is ſure the Devil himſelf. [*Trembles and ſtarts.*

Nay

Nay, I see his cloven Foot too. [*Begins to run away.*

Int. This fellow's going to tell.

Runs after & catches him. Jacomo *trembles.*

Intrigo *offers him Money again.*

Jac. Indeed, good Signior *Diavolo.*

I dare not take it; for I am afraid I must give a Note under my hand for't, I have heard of many a good Soul lost by that means. [*Trembles.*

Int. Come, come, I am no such person as you take me for: I am come hither, as many Heroes have done, upon a certain Politick, private account, or rather (under the Rose) Amorous one.

Jac. Indeed your Worship has got a very fine wooing Face. I guess who this may be. (*Aside.*) Well, if the Devil will make a man a Present, without a dangerous condition, I know not what should hinder him to take it. [*Looks upon him, and takes heart. Takes the pieces.*

These are not Air neither, there is Flesh, and Bloud, and Bones in 'em. Well, I will cut one piece of knavery into two pieces of honesty. First, I will take his Money, and let him make my Master a Cuckold: that's a valuable consideration; there's my Justice. Then will I dutifully acquaint my Master with it: there's my Fidelity. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, I'll do your business for you. I thought indeed your Worship did not speak good *Morisco.* [*Laughs.*

Enter Cornanti *and* Bellinganna.

Cor. Come, Wife, how do you like the countenance of your new Servant?

Bell. 'Tis hard to read a Book that Nature has so blotted: His Soul, I hope, is white and innocent.

Cor. It were not amiss to take the Latitude of his Capacity by his experience of our Fashions. Show him the Glass.

[Jac *brings a Glass.* Intr. *looks in't.*

Jac. Your Negroship is rarely well adjusted. You want nothing but a white Periwig:

Oh,

Oh, 'twould set off your sweet *Westphalian* Hogs-face.

[Intr. *looks for his Face o'th back side of the the Glass; and does many Apish things.*

Oh, do you want your scurvy Wainscot chops?
I, there they are, my pretty sweet Baboon.

Int. You might use some moderation in your abuses.

[Intr. *whisp. to* Jack.

Jack. You look like an Ass, and you don't love to be told on't. [*Whispering.*

Cor. What's that he says? the poor fool's afraid I should understand his Gibberish.

Jac. Truly, Sir, I am afraid your Worship and my Lady will be offended with me, if I tell you.

Cor. No, no.

Jac. Will you not indeed?

Cor. Upon my Honor I will not.

Jac. Why, then, Sir, he asks what Devil that is that stands by you, meaning my Lady.

Cor. Oh the innocent wretch!

Jac. Sir, in their Countrey the Devil's painted White, and their Beauties are all Blacks: you must excuse his ignorance.

Cor. I, that I will, much rather than his knowledge. Come, come away, Wife. *Exit with his Wife.*

Jac. This Master of mine is one of the most prudent Cuckolds that I have known. He will stave it off a little longer. I wonder married Men do not more patiently submit to destiny: for these same Lovers will invent stratagems; and those are more talkt of, than the feat it self; nay, they are writ of to Posterity, when many thousands of easy Cuckolds sleep in their Graves forgotten. *Exit.*

Enter Hircanio *and* Trivultio.

Hir. Have you acquainted your Lady with my passion for her?

Triv. So; y'faith, here has been tampering with my Predecessor.—(*Aside.*) I, I, Sir, and she receives it very well.

Hir.

Hir. Has she appointed a meeting?

Triv. Not yet, Sir; but I'll go in and ask. If she is kind to him, 'tis more than I could obtain for my self. *Exit.*

Hir. So, so; she will open to the Golden Key.
Oh the happy fortune!

Re-enter Trivultio.

Triv. She will meet you this afternoon, in General *Moccenigo*'s Wilderness, in the Walk of Statues; but you must bring your Passport along with you.

Hir. I understand thee: I'll present her nobly. *Exit.*

Triv. Farewel, Sir.

Enter Bellinganna.

Bell. Was there ever such an old Goat as this *Hircanio*?

Triv. Was there ever such a frolique Saint as *Bellinganna*! [*Pulls off his Veil.*
Why do we dally thus with sacred opportunity?

Bell. Oh, Sir, I will serve you another way.
You have a Passion for my Cousin *Aurana*,
A rational desire at least: she's rich.
My Husband's gone out, and will not be back a great while, and your Mistress will be here presently; put off all this ugly Habit, and appear like your self. I hear the last time you were at the Church, you talk'd very coldly to her; now Court her with the Passion she deserves.

Triv. What a Witch have I made of my self, to no purpose! Would I were hang'd if I grow not weary of these Fatigues of Fornication. Well, I'll take her counsel: Marriage is convenient. If my old humour return again, a rich Wife makes an excellent Bawd.

The Scene, *a* Street.

Four Arm'd Men, whereof Visconti *is one, in his* French *Habit, ridiculously Arm'd.*

Visc. The Princess *Parhelia* has ingag'd me here upon one of

of her froliques: and I cannot play the fool in a better Habit.

1 *Man.* Why, *Mounſou*, you are provided for a ſeven years War.

Viſc. How do me ken now but me muſt feeght wid de Regiment des *Eſpagniol*; and begar, me do deleer to have de honeur of the firſt Sharge.

2 *Man.* Pray let him have it, for they ſeldom charge twice.

Viſc. Me have de natural Antipaty to des Spagnols, and de Milanees, de Sujets of de Roy d' Eſpagne, and me de love to chercher l' occaſion. Begar, dare is no man in de verld can feeght in de partees like a de French Academiſts, and de Metre Fence, and de Metre Dance, Francois. One Man will beat twantee. De agilité of de Hoarſe in de Academiſte, and of de Fout in de Metre Dance, and Metre Fence, Sa, Sa, here, dare: ſometime de grand Saut de recule, de pyroiſte, de caprioles; de animee can no tell how to level de Muskets, nor de Guns.

3 *Man.* I, *Mounſou*, I know he that kills a *Frenchman*, muſt ſhoot flying.

Viſc. I begar: den dare is an oder ding, to kill a man wid de good grace, de bonne mine, and de addreſs; 'twill doe good to de anemee to be kill ſo.

1 *Man.* Here comes *Sforza*: now we ſhall hear ſome of the Lovers Litany. [*Clap on their Viſors.*

Enter Sforza, *and knocks with his Key on his Hilt.*
Parhelia *appears, Maſqu'd, at the Window.*

Sfor. Still overcaſt? when will my Heav'n appear?

Parh. Oh, Sir, this Miſt will make the day more clear.

Sfor. I need not beg for flames t'increaſe my ſtore;
Yet Love is covetous, and would have more.

Parh. Is Love a Miſer? he ſhall feed his Eye:
Still look upon his wealth, but ne'r enjoy.

Sfor. Oh cruel Saint! that fatal voice revoke.

Parh. Then learn to hope for Fire, and Court the Smoak,
Beauty's the Book of Fate, Fear my intent:
'Tis better not to know, than not prevent.

Visc. De Diable is in dis Love; no ding but de feere, de flame, de smock, de wound, de death, and de Bougre de Lovere is ver vell, ver gay, fresh, frolick, and feel no pain in de vol verld! Ke Diable est Sa! [*They seize* Sforza *behind.*

Sfor. Villains stand off. [Visconti *flies back.*

Parh. Ai, Ai! [*Shrieks.*

1 *Man.* How now, *Mounsou?* you have a natural Antipatee to the King of *Spain*'s Subjects, you dare not come near 'em.

Visc. Dat is ver true, me do keep my self for de Reserve, dat is de kalitee of de good Soldat.

2 *Man.* Oh, I know the reason now, de Spagnol cannot kill you wid de good grace.

1 *Man.* Stand still, or you're a dead Man.

Sfor. Slaves, Dogs.

Parh. Murder, murder, Help, help.

[Sforza *struggles to get his Sword, they disarm him.*

Sfor. Cowardly Slaves, give me but leave to fight. The odds shall make no difference. [*Chair brought in.*

1 *Man,* Into this Chair, Sir, quick: it is a mercy the w'd you.

Parh. Murder, murder, Help, help.

[Sforza *is carried off, they guarding the Chair.*

She unmasks, So, is he gone? I'll be with him presently, and *and Laughs* search him to the quick. How bravely *Visconti* perform'd his part! Little does *Sforza* know, what pains *Parhelia* takes to cheat him of the *Doge*'s Daughter. Woman scarce knows her self:

Then who can search the Mazes of a Heart
Where natural imperfection joyns with Art? *Exit*

Enter Circumstantio *and* Intrigo.

Cir. Mr. *Black*, you belong to some Nobleman of this quarter, did you not see my Master Signior *Intrigo* hereabouts.

Int. A new Trial! Pray Heaven he know me not. How should I know thy Master?

Circ. Oh every body knows him.

Int. However, 'twill be some delight to hear my own Character from a Domestick: *Germanicus* disguis'd himself in a Calfe-

Calfe-Skin to hear the commendations of his Soldiers, without offence to his modesty.

Why, truly, when I was upon *S. Mark's*,
He was there too; we came away together:
But where he is now, you that are his Servant
Ought to know better than another. This is no lye now.

Cir. But pray, Sir, let me know; I have some earnest business with him from the *Doge's* Lock-smith, that makes his Keys for the Privy Garden, and the Anti-Cameras,

Intr. I'm overjoy'd I shall prevail for a Key; but this is no time to take notice of it. [*Aside.*
Why, honest friend, possibly your Master is in close Council with the *Doge*, or the Council of *Ten*; and therefore not to be spoke with.

Cir. Think you so indeed? I never knew any Man pretend to so much familiarity with the great ones, as he does: every morning our House is full of under-Clerks and Door-keepers; and they get a world of Money of him, by feeding him with Lies, or impertinent Truths, by telling him how many Caps, and what Cloaths the *Doge* puts on every day; what he eats and drinks, and how many Stools he has.

Int. Your Masters a discreet Man, I will not say wise and grave: you do ill to abuse him.

Cir. What's that to you, Sir? I need none of your teaching, Goodman *Black*. 'Twas never a good World, since there were so many *Blackmoors* and *Frenchmen* in the Nation.

Int. You're a saucy Knave, Sirrah.

Cir. Call me saucy Knave, who am chief Man to Signior *Intrigo*, you whorson *Blackmore* Dog you! No, Sir, I'de have you know, though my Master be one of the simpler sort of wise Men, yet, being his Servant, I'll take the Knave of ne'r a Man in *Italy*. Call me knave, you saucy Jack! [*Boxes him.*
Int. *shruging up his shoulders.* } Poor *Circumstantio*! yet he shows some respect to me in even his wrath: he glories in being my servant, and quarrel'd with me in my own behalf, to uphold my Honor.

These afflictions are incident to these great designs of going *Incognito*.

Cir. Incognito! do you steal my Master's words, you impudent Rascal you? my Honorable Master's own words? are such words fit for your mouth, you pitiful Rogue? have at you once more for your fine word *Incognito*, forsooth! *Incognito*, with a vengeance, *Incognito*. [*Beats him off.*

Exeunt:

The SCENE, Cornanti's *House*.

Enter Trivultio, Aurana, Bellinganna.

Triv. Ah, Madam, if my Sighs and Tears prevail not [*In a passionate posture.*

To expiate my last and fatal coldness,
That undissolving Frost in so much Sun-shine,
That blindness caus'd by such excess of Light;
Let Death the faithful services prevent
Of one unpardon'd, not impenitent.

Aur. Trivultio, how thou striv'st t' undo thy self!
You Act this part well; but your first's most natural.
All sudden Converts are to be suspected.
Maintain your Character:
Be constant to your self, if not to me.

Enter Hircanio *at a distance.*

Hir. I have watch'd my Cousin *Cornanti* out, and now is a good time to talk farther of my business to the *Duegna*. —— Ha! what Trade's here, my Daughter!

Bell. Come, Sir, we fear you not: this mettled Hern
Shall spoil your Falcon for any other Game,
And bruise his Wings. Your swellings and imposthumes
Must be cur'd by constant strong Revultions.
We'll open a great vein shall stop your heats,
And bleedings at the Nose.

Triv. Say you so, Madam?

Then

Then, faith, dear *Aurana*, I love thee to that desperate extremity, that, if you'll take me in the humour, I am resolv'd to undergo the scorn of all wise Men, and my own repentance, and sneakingly submit to that solemn Conjuring Cheat call'd Marriage; though my Reason kecks at it, and I shall certainly swoon at the sight of a Priest.

Hir. Ha! what do I hear? as if this young fellow was to marry my Daughter? You impudent Slut, you, are these your harmless frolicks?

Aur. Ai me, my Father! [*Shrieks.*

Hir. Will nothing serve but Matrimonial Gambols? Come away with me, Huswife. Do you think to steal Procurators Daughters so easily? *Exit with* Aurana.

Triv. Oh, she's lost for ever.

Bell. I warrant you we'll retrive her.

Enter Cornanti, *peeping.*

Cor. Ha! *Trivultio*! have I caught the wild Beast in my toils? *Exit.*

Bell. How soon *Hircanio* forgot the errand he came about! In men of his age, their Avarice starves their Love.

Enter Jacomo *and* Cornanti, *with a Sword ridiculously long, and a Target bigger then his Body. He stalks, and looks toward* Trivultio.

Cor. Death and destruction, and a thousand torments Attend thy sinful Carcass, thou Planet-struck, And mis-begotten Mortal! Have at thy lecherous Chine.

{ *Makes at* Trivultio *when his back is turn'd, who turns about, retires a little, takes up a Cushion, and makes him run back to the end of the Stage.*

'Sdeath, these Whoremasters, the Devil's in 'em At their Rutting time.

{ *He runs behind* Jacomo, *and pushes him on, peeping over his Shoulder.*

Thou'rt a Knave, *Trivultio.* stand to him, *Jacomo.*

Jac.

Jac. O Lord, Sir, I have never a Sword; but I'll talk to him. Thou 'rt a Knave, *Trivultio.* Stand to him Master.

{ *Runs behind* Cornanti, *and then* Cornanti *behind him, shifting two or three times.*

Cor. 'Slife, I think this Man of mine's an errant Coward.

Jac. Oh Lord, Master, I'm afraid of your Worship's Sword behind me, and would not take the Victory out of your hands.

Cor. 'Twould anger a Man to be a Cuckold, and be kill'd too. I'll go call for help. *Jacomo*, lock the door upon 'em.

[*Exeunt.* Jacomo *locks the door.*

Triv. Did you ever see such Cowards! I'm sorry I did not force my way out: but now the door's lock'd, what shall we do, Madam? shall I leap out of the Window?

Bell. No, the Barrs are too close.

Triv. Or hide my self? Can you find no way for your self and me? Now for a Woman's Wit at a dead lift.

Bell, Put on your *Duegna's* Cloaths, quick, quick. Let's make haste, his Bandogs live but at next door.

[*He catches up the Cloaths, and she helps him.*

Triv. But, Madam, he'll know I can't get out of the room.

Bell. No matter, dispatch. Now your Hoods and Muffler.

[*Noise at door.*

1 *Man.* We'll maul the Rogue.

2 *Man.* We'll make him sure.

3 *Man.* No, take him alive, and kill him by degrees.

[*The door unlock'd.*

Enter Cornanti, *with half a dozen Neighbors: himself and* Jacomo *in the rear of them.*

1 *Man.* Where's the Rogue?

2 *Man.* Where's the Rogue?

Bell. What Rogue, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Cor. What, have you hid him, Witch?

Bell. There has been none but I, and my *Duegna* here these four hours.

Cor. That shall not serve your turn, seek in the *Alcove.*

{ *They search within, and come back, then search the Closets, Beds, and Trunks, and under them.*

Cor.

I'm sure he could not get out here. [*Goes to the Window.*

Bell. Are you distracted: Sir? whom do you seek?

Cor. Peace, Strumpet. *Vigilia*, dost thou know where he is?

Triv. Indeed, Master, I neither heard nor saw any body; I was in the Closet, Preserving, when your Worship and *Jacomo* was here: but I'll endeavour to find him out, an't be possible. Mayn't he be here? or here? or here?

{*Looks up and down in the Cupboard, and the Chest of Drawers.*

Cor. I, Marry, a likely place!

Triv. Now I'm confident we have search'd as much as is possible: there's only one Box more in the room.

Cor. Search it, search it.

Triv. Here 'tis, Sir. [*Gives him a Snuff-box.*

Cor. What a Snuff-box! You Whore, do you abuse me:

[*Kicks him.*

1 *Man.* Pray, Sir, be patient; sure there is no body in the room, nor the Closet, nor Alcove.

Bell. 'Tis strange, Sir, you should trouble your Neighborhood, and abuse me for such a fancy.

Cor. Well then, now I find it, y'faith. *Jacomo* has betray'd me, and let him out. Oh you treacherous Villain! 'Tis you, Sirrah.

Jac. No indeed, Sir, not I, nor any body else; for I stirr'd not a foot from the door, after I lock'd it.

Cor. Go, go, Sirrah, no excuse: provide your self of another service. A fine juggle indeed!

{[*Walks about, and his back turn'd,* Bellinganna *comes to* Jacomo.

Bell. Say you saw him not, and save your self and me.

Jac. Turn'd away from the best service in *Venice*, for my honesty! ——— Why, Sir, I believe your Worship's mistaken; for I saw no body here, but my Lady and your self, Sir.

Cor. Why, you impudent Rogue you, did you not see him, and speak to him by his name, and was afraid of him too?

Jac. Indeed I heard your Worship call one *Trivultio* all to naught:

naught, and I thought it was my duty to call him so too, and be afraid of him too; (how did I know but he might lye in Ambuscade, in the *Alcove*, and shoot us?) but the devil a bit of Mankind did I see, but your self, Sir.

1 *Man.* This is strange!

Cor. Say'st thou so? The plain truth of it is, I did not hear him speak a word; but I'll swear I saw him, or his Ghost, as plain as I see thee.

2 *Man.* Then 't must be some Spirit.

Cor. Think you so, friends? Verily, I must confess, I had an extraordinary fear and trembling came upon me; an Army of Men could not have frighted me worse.

3. *Man.* Why, then, 'tis as clear as the Sun, neither your Lady, nor your Servants saw him, and your self did not hear him speak, nor touch him.

Cor. Methoughts I ran him through and through, yet he never cry'd oh for't; and then, indeed, I began to be a little afraid.

2 *Man.* A body of Air, of the Devil's compounding: 't could be nothing else.

Jac. Why, Sir, Did you never hear the House was haunted before?

Cor. Never.

Jac. Why, Sir, we were loath to tell you on't; but, Sir, though I never saw any thing worse than my self in my life, yet I'll take my death on't, I have heard some things walk at midnight, when we have all been a bed and asleep.

Cor. O' my word 'tis more than I heard ever.

Triv. I believe so, if you were asleep. This is a rare Rogue, make much of him. [*Aside, to* Bellinganna.

Cor. Well, Neighbors, I thank you. [*Exeunt Neighbors.*

Jac. Madam, you're in my debt; but my Master much more. [*To her, Aside.*

Happy's the Man whose just doubts are defeated;
Cuckolds are never glad not to be cheated. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Doge's Villa.

A Scene *of* Paradise, *and Glorious Shows, with Musick.*
Sforza *walking in it alone.*

Sfor. NOw indeed the Lady in the Church is as good as her word. How suddainly these Women execute their designes! and how impatient they are in Love affairs! [*Looks about.*
A Glorious Prison! 'tis wondrous magnificent!

After some Musick, a Cupid, *or* Angel *held in the Air sings this Song.*

SONG.

Take, Hero, *take.*
The Presents, Wealth, and Beauty make:
There's nothing else, that Mortals know
Is worth receiving here below.
Time runs, Love flies;
He that thinks least, is the most wise:
And Fortune ever did approve
A present Wit in War, or Love.

Stay, Hero, *stay;*
The Gods grow envious at thy Prey;
Or steal what's rare
In haste; for Heaven does seldom care.
Love and Ambition should conspire
Mortals to please in one desire.

After this a Dance of Angels.

Sfor. Sure this is Paradise it self!

Enter Parhelia *gloriously drest, attended with her Maids, all in Masques: she comes up to* Sforza.

Parh. Sir, you may judge, by th' actions of this hour,
That I can keep my promise, use my pow'r.
Perhaps my Rival, by her needy Art
And first assaults, has prepossest your Heart;
But though my Person, nor my Wealth, should find
A room unfurnish'd in your well-built mind:
I'll rather be for plain defects despis'd,
Than for low cheats and false Perfections, priz'd.

She and all her Women unmask:
Sforza *seems* surpriz'd.

Sfor. A most Celestial Beauty! Assist me, Virtue! [*Aside*
Madam.
Great were my fortune, had it pow'r to climb,
And changing for the better, were no crime.
Victorious Princes, Traytors do disdain,
Though by their Treason they do profit gain.
Ah! what rewards can his black thoughts suggest
That makes a Present of a faithless Brest!
A Ship full fraught with Stones, or worthless Sand,
Should it take in a Prize of Plate, 'twould sink it.
Parh. Cast out your trash, make room for richer lading:
Virtue may be an Hypocrite, and so may Beauty;
But Riches never were: the Goods of *Fortune*
Are visible, and wear no Masks. [*Points to the Furniture.*
Sfor. Pity the Man that wars in every part:
Eyes, with his Ears; and all against his Heart.
Parh. Silly Believer, canst thou take delight
In a dark Mistress, 'cause she says she's bright?
Didst ever see a Beauty always Mask'd?
A Wit that never spoke? a Saint that never pray'd?
A Courtier never drest? a Sun ne'r out of shade?
Wouldst thou not, for a Palace, quit a Cell?
For Scepters, Spades, or for a Heav'n, a Hell?

Or

Or would'dst thou not thy Soul to Heav'n restore
Because thou'dst sign'd the Devil's Bond before?

Exit in a rage.

Sfor. She's gone. Brightest of Angels, in form and intellect, couldst thou not find some nobler Mansions, uninhabited, to fix thy glories in, but thou must claim a Cottage all on fire already? Oh what a conflict's this? You Gods, that make unchangeable Decrees, assist my wavering constancy. I'll try if I be Captive still.

Goes to the door, and is stopt by the Vizor'd Men, that carry'd him away before.

Guard. Whither now?

Visc. Whider now, Bougre Espagnol Milanois? Begar, me vill be revengé for me Metre de King de France. *Cent coups de pieds, Bougre.*

Sfor. The arm'd Masquerades here still! How can this be answer'd to the jealous Senate? a capital Crime.

Guard. Sir, you may have leave to walk in the Gallery, if you please. Here's your way.

Exit Sforza *and the Guard.*

The SCENE, Cornanti's *House.*

Bellinganna, Trivultio, Intrigo.

Intercaut-ing Triv. Why do you thus Eclipse so quaint a Beauty?
That radiant Face under such envious clouds,

Enter Cornanti *and* Jacomo.

And stop the current of your fragrant breath?

Cor. Bless me! what do I hear? oh horrid! insufferable! The *Moor* in discourse with the Duegna? Treason, *Jacomo.* Treason.

Jac. What, is the fool talking to her, and sees not my Master? *Aside.*

Bell. What does she come on apace?

Int. Oh I, she fostens; she will come *Piam piano.*

Cor. Oh Heav'ns, my Wife too? Execrable Villain: fetch me my Dagger; I will let out his filthy black Soul. But stay! may not he have some privy weapons about him?

Jac. Believe it, Sir, there are few Men that come about these stolen-Love businesses, but bring along with them sufficient Weapons.

Cor. Then call the *Sbirri* that live hard by.

Jac. There are two of 'em sitting at the door. *Exit.*

Int. Shall I approach this lovely Citadel?

[*Taking* Trivultio *by the Hand.*

Triv. You are too bold, Sir, with the Sentinel.

Int. When shall I seal my Happiness, on these Vermillion Lips?

Bell. And yet he sees 'em not. [*Aside.*

Triv. Indeed, Sir, I dare not venture the cold Air; but you may squeeze the Wax through the Paper, if you please.

Cor. Kissing too! fine work, y'faith!

[*He Curt sies*, and Intrigo *kisses him with the Muffler on.*

Enter Sbirri *and* Jaco mo.

Intr. When shall we interchange the duty of the Sexes?

Triv. Dear Sir, will you please to walk into a more private room?

Int. Oh, the easie conquest! See what it is to Court regularly!

{ *As he is leading out* Trivultio *with great ceremony, the* Sbirri *clap him on the back.*

Sbirri. I Arrest you of Treason, at the information of Signior *Cornanti.*

Intr. Me of Treason, that have (under the Rose) for these seven years, by my vigilance, preserv'd the State from Forreign Invasions, and Domestique Plots? I Arrested for Treason?

Sbirri. Rose me no rosing, but come away.

Int. Oh the disappointment!

[*Breaking hands with* Trivultio.

Starting back, Intrigo *sees* Cornanti *and* Jacomo, *who winks, and nods to him again.* Intrigo *tries to put on a dissembled Gravity.*

Intr. *Buchi fini bichi. Abi poli tindo?*

Cor. Did not I observe this Rascal talking to my Wife and Virgilia?

Intr. *Cajiski oli melan. Abi oloki. Abi*

Nodding and winking at Jacomo, *who nods and winks again.*

Jac. Alas good Signior, Intrigo *is* a mere Coxcomb, and a Fool.

Intr. I take it very ill, Sir, that you should say so. Do not I know the Affairs of your Family, and the Humours of your Daughters, as well as you your self? Do not I know the whole design of your Treason, the place of your Conferences, the Order of your Meetings, and the Number of your Associates, and yet dare to keep it secret from the Senate? Under the Rose, it was not well done of you, Sir, to conceal from me the Knowledge of your Plots, and Conspiracies against the Publick Liberty.

Cor. Oh good Sir, I humbly beg your Pardon, I never thought of any such thing.

Intr. Do not you think this was a very foolish Action?

Cor. Pleases you, Intrigo!

Jac. Here's a crafty Fellow.

Intr. Say you so, Sir? Ah you Whoreson Dog! Ah you Rascal! Never any man was so dishonour'd by a Rogue as I am by you.

Cor. That grave knavish Fop! Away with him to Prison, away with him.... Ah you Whoreson Dog! you Devil hidden in Witches!

Intrigo runs behind Cornanti *and* Jacomo, *and they drive him backwards and forwards, as if they were endeavouring to throw him down, and he to avoid it.*

Intr. *Cajiski oli melan. Abi poli tindo?*

Cor. Blessing on this Intrigo!

Jac. It must needs be he by his way of speaking.

Cor. That grave knavish Fop! Away with him to Prison, away with him.... Ah you Whoreson Dog! you Devil hidden in Witches!

Intrigo runs behind Cornanti *and* Jacomo, *and they drive him backwards and forwards, as if they were endeavouring to throw him down, and he to avoid it.*

Intr. *Cajiski oli melan. Abi poli tindo?*

Cor. Blessing on this Intrigo!

Jac. It must needs be he by his way of speaking.

1 *Messi.* In the name of the Duke, And by the Authority of the Senate, I Arrest you.

Cor. Arrest me! for what?

1 *Messi.* For Treason, in keeping intelligence with the Turkish Ambassadors.

Cor. Heavens guide my innocence!

1 *Messi.* And you are accordingly before the Council of Ten, within this half hour.

Jac. But hold a little, my Masters. A fourpence for a Messenger, for one night's Lodging! How could you, for your sordid jealousie. How could you, for your vain difference in Opinion, and Judgment, with your Master, Sir John Dumbhead, with Horns, and Tongue. They are very intimate, very intimate, unreasonably conversant, and familiar with their Master, Sir John Dumbhead, with Horns, and Tongue. They are very intimate, very intimate, unreasonably conversant, and familiar with their Master, Sir John Dumbhead, with Horns, and Tongue.

Cornanti *to his Messengers.*

1 *Messi.* In the name of the Duke, And by the Authority of the Senate, I Arrest you.

Cor. Arrest me! for what?

1 *Messi.* For Treason, in keeping intelligence with the Turkish Ambassadors.

Cor. Heavens guide my innocence!

1 *Messi.* And you are accordingly before the Council of Ten, within this half hour.

Jac. But hold a little, my Masters. A fourpence for a Messenger, for one night's Lodging! How could you, for your sordid jealousie. How could you, for your vain difference in Opinion, and Judgment, with your Master, Sir John Dumbhead, with Horns, and Tongue. They are very intimate, very intimate, unreasonably conversant, and familiar with their Master, Sir John Dumbhead, with Horns, and Tongue.

Cor. Short warning, Heaven knows, for a man of Quality! And so deserving of the Common-wealth! Oh! oh!

Jac. Sir, the present danger. Oh the admirable wisdom of the Senate, to prefer the Publick before the Private still! that gives

gives no time to any, though innocent, to defend themselves, when it is for the publick good!

Jac. Honest *Intrigo*, still!

Int. Oh, Sir, I could have told you of all this before; I knew the whole design of your Treason, the time, the place, your Confederates, the Orders of the Senate, the Critical Minute of your surprisal, and the utmost date of your miserable life.

Cor. Oh good Sir, I am so free from any open act, I never wrong'd the Senate in my thoughts.

Int. Take heed what you say, Sir. Do not I know the whole model of your business? have not I been employ'd, as an instrument, to convict you? and a spy upon your actions? Don't you see, under the Rose, how I disguis'd my self on purpose? Do you think this was a wooing Face?

Jac. Here's a turn y'faith! This *Intrigo* will prove a plaguy fellow.

1 *Mess.* Say you so, Sir? Then we summon you to appear before the Council.

Int. I shall most readily attend the *Clarissimo's*.

Cor. Oh, good Sir, pardon my misapprehensions of you; speak but the truth, and no more, and endeavour to support my oppressed innocence. Alas, Sir, you may have free access to my House, at any time, and what sort of conversation you please with any of my Family, none excepted; very intimate, unrestrained conversation.

Jac. Very good y'faith. Oh, that my Master could compound for one night's Lodging!

Bell. Ah, Husband, I doubt this was a judgement upon you, for your causeless jealousie. How could I prevent this?

Triv. I, and your distrust of your poor old Servant.

1 *Mess.* Come, Sir, the time draws on.

Jac. But hold a little, my Masters. A fool's bolt is soon shot. By what authority do you do this?

1 *Mess.* What authority, Sir? To satisfy your fools head, here's our Commission.

Shews a Writing with the Seal of the Senate.

Jac.

Jac. reads. Dominico Loredano the most Serene Duke of Venice, to the Officers of the Council of Ten. Whereas we are informed, that certain wicked and disloyal persons have attempted most unchristianly to betray the secret Deliberations of this Senate, to the Ambassadors of the Grand Signior, and have seduced into their conspiracy a certain Senator, Aulo Foscarini. Is *Foscarini* the man you seek for?

All Mess. I, the very same.

Cor. But my name is *Cornenti*,

Jac. Look in your Commission.

2 *Mess.* I cannot read.

1 *Mess.* I read, I, Sir, 'tis *Foscarini* indeed, and there is no other name in the Commission.

2 *Mess.* 'Sdiggers, I remember 'twas a long name, and had four Syllabubs to't, as they call 'em. *Fos-ca-ri-ni. Cor-nen-ti*; that's too short. I'll take my death on't 'twas *Foscarini*.

1 *Mess.* But we were told this *Foscarini* livid here.

Jac. The mistake was easy; he lives within three doors. Have a good Heart, Master, all is well.

All Mess. We humbly beg pardon of your Magnificence.

Cor. I, I, 'tis well enough. 'Slid, I can hardly recover my self to talk to these Rogues. Sirrah, take heed hereafter how a man of my Robe is—

Jac. Avant, you Rogues, we'll trounce you.

Cor. But, hark you, friends, though I'm clean of this ill reason, here is a certain Gentleman knows of a Treason, the time, the place, the Confederates; and has employ'd, under the Rose, as a spy, to betray a Senator in his House, as you may see by his Face; you had best secure him.

Jac. 'Tis pity indeed he should lose his labour: he'll be hang'd first, and examin'd after. 'Tis all for the publick good still.

1 *Mess.* Indeed our Commission extends not so far; but if your Magnificence please to command us, or so, we'll venture.

Intr. Oh good Signior *Cornenti*, let me rather go with my friends here, the *Sbirri*.

Cor. Oh, by no means. This could be no waving Face; but a most dangerous Politic Calves Face.

Intr.

Int. Yet will I exercise my patience, and not betray my Mistress, nor the occasion of my coming. Why should Hare-brain'd fools triumph upon my infidelity? [*Aside.*

Cor. You would not aim so low as a Woman! the Publick? ever as long as you live, before the Private. Therefore good *Sbirri*, take him for once, and to save you let him have no private room, but the abominable, publick, stinking hole, amongst the poor prisoners: there let him lye, under the Rose, still. — This was a judgement upon me, Wife, and you, old Witch, for distrusting you, was it not? *Messengers*, you may be gone. *Sbirri*, away with him.

[*Exit Messengers.*

Int. I thought I should have no good luck this day, for putting on my Breeches before my Doublet, and saying my Prayers before I wash'd my hands.

[*Exeunt* Sbirri, Intrigo, *and* Jacomo.

Cor. After a turn or two with his Wife. Well, Wife, 'tis enough, I believe you: this fellow's fool enough to attempt any ridiculous thing without incouragement, and *Jacomo* might be deceiv'd in him. But, deal ingenuously with me, was you never Courted by *Trivultio*?

Bell. Good Sir, be patient, and I'll tell you all. That there was ever any allowance to his Courtship, on my part, I utterly deny; but that he has made some addresses to me, I will not be so unjust to you as to conceal it.

Triv. Now shall I go to pot next y'faith.

[*Aside.*

Plague of all Woman-kind!

Cor. But how, and where?

Bell. Why, Sir, at my Chamber Window, with Serenades.

Cor. But was he never within doors?

Bell. Did not you find that was a meer delusion?

Cor. True; but it runs in my head still. He's a wicked fellow, the Devil would never have come in his shape else. But go on.

Bell. At last, tir'd with his importunity, I appointed him a meeting this afternoon about this time, in General *Moccenigo's* Wilderness.

Triv.

Trio. Ha! what means this? A Man can never dive to the bottom of these Women. [*Aside.*

Cor. How a meeting? an unlawful meeting?

Bell. No, good Sir, no unlawful one: there's to be none but us two there.

Cor. A dangerous lewd Conventicle.

Bell. But you know I have no power to go out, unless you give me leave, for once, or so.

Cor. Oh rare!

Bell. Come, Sir, in short, the whole scope of my design is, to give you satisfaction; therefore go along with me, and when you find his intentions, vindicate my Honor, and your own, with all the severity Revenge can dictate.

Triv. Oh, now I understand her.

Bell. Meet me there, in your own Habit if you dare; [*To* Trivultio *apart.*

You have made my Husband jealous, you are bound
To cure him of it, or suffer for't.

Cor. Brave wench, now I see thou art honest; but if thou hadst not a mind to be so, all the Devils in Hell could not compel thee to it. Come away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Gallery in the* Doge's *Palace.*

Sforza *walking alone in it.*

Sfor. Sure, if this Carnival continu'd long,
The Women would run mad: three to one Man?
The Ravisher, th' Admonisher, the Courtier.
Two Suns reflected streaming from the true one;
Yet those two last could never be the first;
But sure one Person, her Rival, or Opposer.
The Lady in the Church, she threatned what she 'as done.
Well, my Dear first made the most decent Courtship:
She did more Love, and they more Rage express;
Her Heat was greater, though her Flame was less.
Yet I could wish her Beauty equall'd this. [*Pauses a little.*
I'll never doubt Nature could erre so much

To take ill Lodging for so great a Guest:
The Face is but the Copy of the mind,
Then sure 'tis glorious.
The Structure's noble; sure the Front is fair.
Suppose it were not, must I then recede
From first Engagements, without just offence?
Love, like a weight, thrown in by force, prevails;
But Honor weighs more in unshaken scales.

One of the Guard steps to him, and delivers a Letter.

Guard. Sir, an old Gentleman, that past by the Gate, gave me this, with ten Checquins, and the promise of as many more, to deliver it safe to your hands: but the discovery may cost me my life. Pray be secret.

Sfor. Hold,

Guard. I dare stay no longer.

Sfor. reads. If your Love be equal to mine, your resentment is as great for our violent separation. You are a Prisoner to no less a person, than the Princess *Parhelia*, the *Doge*'s Daughter, who will spare no desperate attempt to give her self satisfaction. But I will suddainly redeem you from this Captivity, if your constancy deserve so great a favor.

Kisses the Letter.

Ah, my dear Saint, then the debate is ended.
No, no, she shall not; I can free my self:
He that dares dye, can never be a Slave,
But cheats a Tyrant of his sweet revenge.
Yet there is hope still, she may send some Men
To force the way in; I can second 'em.
But though I were alone, shall I be forc'd to do
What Honor chides me for? Great God's 't shall never be.
I should not fancy to be forc'd to Heav'n;
At least, by any Earthly Power.

Enter

Enter two Ghosts of Bassa's, *with their Turbants, and Winding sheets, and a great many other* Turkish *Ghosts attending them. Thunder and Lightning, and the place darkened like Hell.* Sforza *starts, then recollects himself.*

No, nor Infernal. { *They stalk dismally about him, with their Scymeters drawn, brandishing at him.* Sforza *looks for his sword, and finds none.*

And must I be their naked Prey?
Cæsar, unarm'd, veil'd with his Robe his Face,
And was asham'd, but not afraid to dye:
So let me perish; but sure I know these Ghosts.
Turks all; and their brave Leader *Achmet*.
Ibrahim too; both slain with my own hand.
No mercy now sure.

Ach. *Prepare, prepare, To turn thy self to Air.* { Sings to a dismal Tune.
An injur'd Turk, *made fiercer by the shades,*
Thy life invades.

Ibra. *Stay*, Achmet, *stay; For I will share the Prey:*
The Blood of Man's too sweet. Art thou dranke mine,
I'll quaff off thine.

Chorus of other *Turks.* { *Heroick Dust, Be not Unjust;*
Each Musleman, that his vile hands have stain,
A piece obtain.

Altogether. *By* Pluto *sent, we draw Terrestrial breath,*
And offer that to fair, or Love, or Death.

Sfor. Is this your business after Death, great Souls?
I thought you had been rowling among heaps
Of naked Beauties, with Eternal vigor!
Then know, fierce Ghosts, Devils improv'd to *Turks*,

If your own Hell were open, I'de ſooner leap in't,
Than do a crime that ſhould deſerve it.

The Ghoſts walk off leiſurely as they came in, with Thunder and Lightning. Sforza *walks about a little.*

The *Doge*'s Daughter turn'd a Sorcereſs!
A brighter Angel yet than any fell
With *Lucifer*'s illuſtrious train of Rebels.
Oh that the virtuous Prince could hear of this!
But I muſt never live to make relations.
All power's continu'd by the ſame ways 'twas got;
Then doubt not Death, or Marriage. [*Pauſes.*
Death, 'tis the leaſt of evils, or a good,
Becauſe it ends 'em; courted by Boys,
For loſs of Pins and Counters; and by Females,
For leſſer toys: maſter'd by every paſſion,
Love, Revenge, and Grief. Shall it obey
The Slaves of Reaſon then, and not their Maſter?
Death's the dark entry to more pleaſant Manſions,
The opening of the Scene to ſhow us things more glorious;
The firſt flight of the mew'd and hooded Soul.
It is the ſtarting place, and not the Goal.
What is't we live for? tell life's fineſt tale?
To eat, to drink, to ſleep, to fill, and empty,
Love and enjoy, t'enjoy and love no more?
To talk of things we know not, and to know
Nothing but things not worth the talking of,
Inſipid Acts, by repetition, nauſeous?
Who would not dye for curioſity?
A Female, ſickly, childiſh, puking Vice,
Faith, Fortitude, Affliction: ceaſe your Trumpets,
For Nature's errors fright ſuch Enemies.
My Soul is but in Lodgings for a Term,
Nature, her Landlady, may turn her out.
True, were the Houſe my own, I would take care
T'imbelliſh it, and keep it in repair,
Make it impregnable 'gainſt Force and Time,
To Dye were Folly, and to Fight a Crime;

But

But since Death's unavoided Arrow flies
From Foes, Diseases, and from Women's Eyes;
Let's nobly court our Fate, sweet'ning the Race,
With the full Gallop, not the fearful Pace.

Enter Parhelia *gloriously dress't: She comes towards him.*

Parh. What, can you love, or dye, Sir?

Sfor. Both, Madam. Love
They say's our only business after death.

Parh. And 'tis the great and noblest cause of life
Cannot the greatest fortune in the State perswade you
To quit your passion for a killing Mask?
Pray go to th' Tire-Shops, you may chance to find
A better featur'd one.

Sfor. You're very pleasant, Madam,
If Love want Rhetorick, how shall Fear perswade?

Parh. 'Twas Fear that mov'd your choice to such an object,
That would provoke no Rivals.
No, Sir, you need not doubt that we will force you:
'Twas but to try how wise a man you'd prove,
How fit to make a Soveraign in *Venice*.
You may have liberty to court your Vizor;
Yet know you're in my Net still. Guards let him pass.

Sfor. That grant of liberty, sweetens all your sharpness.

Guards let him out at one door.
Exit Parhelia *at the other.*

The Scene, *General* Moccenigo's *Wilderness by the Walk of Statues.*

Cornanti *and his Wife, with six or seven Bravoes Arm'd, following him.*

Bell. This is the place I appointed to meet *Trivultio* at:
Lay your Men in ambush hereabouts, and stand you behind this Arbor, and when you discover the wickedness of his intentions, call out the *Bravo's* to pistol him.

Corn.

Cor. But you must appear to be very forward and kind, to make him the bolder, that I may have the fairer cause to kill him.

Bell. Very well thought of; but take notice, I'll make you some sport before, which you must not be angry at.

Cor. No unlawful sport, I hope?

Bell. Fy, fy, Sir; I mean with another business.

[Cornanti *gets behind the Arbor, and his* Bravo's *under the Hedges.*

Enter Hircanio.

Hir. This is the Walk in the middle of the Wilderness, I was to meet her at — And there she is. Oh the blessed Image! Madam,
For the redemption of my Captive Heart,
Or its good usage in its slavery,
Be pleas'd to accept this knot of Diamonds:
Too small an off'ring to so fair a Shrine.

Bell. A very fair Jewel. [*Taking, and looking on it.*

Enter Hircanio's *Wife.*

Wife. I had notice from a friend, that my Husband was to meet a Lady here, I, here's the Rogue presenting her with something.

Hir. Death, here's my Wife! [*Sees her and begins to steal away.*

Wife. Ah you old Goat you, have I caught you?
Did I ever deny you at home, you false Man?
Oh thou impudent perverter of Mankind! [*Turns to* Bell.
Hast thou the conscience to defraud an Honest Woman of the dues that her portion paid for?

[*Follows her Husband off scolding.*

[*When they are gone off, out comes* Cornanti.

Cor. Brave Wench, y'faith! Ha, ha, he. Didst not thou send for his Wife?

Bell. I, I Sir; take the Jewel, and to your place again. [*He retires.*

Enter

Enter Trivultio *in his own Habit.*

Bell. coming up to Triv. Dear Sir, I'm sorry my pretended coyness
Has so long exercis'd your patience.

Triv. Oh, Madam, such high blessings deserve some expectation.

Bell. But, Sir, I shall no longer torture your desires.

Triv. Faith, Madam, Lovers are hard labourers,
'Tis pity to keep back their wages.

Bell. Dear *Trivultio*, I am wholly thine.

[*She runs to him and embraces him.*

Triv. How can that be, when the illustrious Senator,

[*Starting.*

Your Husband may plead an elder Title?

Bell. His was by purchase, Sir; but yours free gift.

Triv. You're very liberal of what's not your own.
I'll ne'r grow rich by robberies: *Venetian* Commons
Are well stock'd; I'll never break inclosures.

Bell. Dear heart, what needs this nicety? this is not
A place for complement, but execution.

{ Cornanti *may appear here, peeping ridiculously from behind the Arbor.*

Triv. Oh, impudence! Know, Madam, then I came to try
What I could scarce believe; but knowing it, abhor the injury,
Intended against my noble friend; which I durst not acquaint him with, till by this circumstance assur'd. I say, against my friend, and my Father's old Friend. 'Tis true, he refus'd to lend me Money; but I know he did it for my good.

Bell. Well, well, thou'lt never leave thy drolling, *Trivultio*.

Triv. No, no Madam, the Dignity of a Senator is not so cheaply to be valu'd. Were I dispos'd to those voluptuous sins, I'd quench my Flames in common Waters, and not corrupt the noble Streams, to viciate a Race of Princes.

Bell. Come, come, Sir, you do but jest.

[*She hangs upon him, he shakes her off, she comes and favns again.*

Triv. Nay, then I'll be in earnest.
Oh you vile Strumpet; abuse my noble friend, and an illustrious Senator! 'Tis private justice, and 'tis publick too, to

scourge

ſcourge thy ſinful Carcaſe. [*Seems to beat her violently with his Cane.*

[*Comanti comes out from behind the Arbor, and interpoſes.*

Cor. O ſpare my Wife, ſpare my Wife, ſhe's Honeſt, ſhe's very honeſt.

Triv. Bleſsme! the noble *Clariſſimo*! How came you here, Sir? you're too good natur'd; no, no, it cannot be.

[*Goes to beat her again.*

Cor. Hold, hold, for the Lord's ſake: ſhe is indeed, and plac'd me here to watch you.

Triv. She place you? 'twas a cunning honeſt trick of her. A man had been finely ſerv'd that had come with a diſhoneſt intent, la.

Bell. I could do no leſs than acquaint my Husband with your ſollicitations.

Triv. Nor I, than to vindicate his Honor. Pray, Madam, pardon my Zeal to your Husband.

Cor. Dear *Trivultio*, now ſhall I eſteem thee, as the moſt faithful friend that I have in the World: my Houſe and my Coffers are all open to thee.

Triv. Oh, good Sir, Virtue's its own reward.

Cor. That ever I could imagine there ſhould be any baſeneſs in my old friend, Cavalier *Trivultio*'s Son, that noble Gentleman! Dear Wife, I am ſorry for thee: how is it, Honey?

Bell. Well enough, if it may tend to your ſatisfaction.

Cor. I ſhall never harbor an ill thought of thee, as long as I live again. Such a Wife and ſuch a Friend! [*Kiſſes her.*

But this old Satyr *Hircanio*! I cannot chuſe but laugh at him How his Wife pepper'd him! Come, come away, my dear ſweet Rogue!—to my Houſe, to rejoyce with me, and my Wife, upon this admirable confirmation, and ſettlement of my thoughts.

Bell. Now have I honeſtly accompliſh'd one of my deſigns, to cure my Husband of his cauſeleſs jealouſie: the next is, to help this wild young fellow to a Wife, to reclaim him.

Cor. Come let's away. Such a Wife, and ſuch a Friend! *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cornanti's *House.*

Cornanti *in a modish Habit, broad Hat, open Breast, stiff Pantaloons,* &c.

Corn. HOw easy and light do I find my self, since I shak'd off this lazy disease of Jealousy! methinks I am not the same man. Let me see. (*Takes out his Pocket-Glass.*) Why, no: thou ly'st in thy throat, old *Cornanti*, if thou say'st so. I renounce thee and thy Works. Well, now that I am new rigg'd and trimm'd, will I launch out into the Ocean of Bravery, and rout whole Squadrons of jealous Cuckolds. Woe be to the yellow Flags. What a world of Mistresses might a Man make, while he sits brooding over, and watching one Wife!

Enter Bellinganna.

My Wife has not seen me in my new Cloaths yet. I'll try if she knows me. Pray, Madam, what's become of the jealous Cockscomb, your Husband?

Bell. You're very bold with him, Sir. Not at home. This is some intimate acquaintance of my Husband's; [*Aside.* they will abuse him sometimes. 'Tis a flat-nos'd ugly fellow: he looks like one of my Husband's Bastards.

Cor. Abuse me! I'll try my Rhetorick.

Bell. 'Slife, I think 'tis my Husband himself! How these fashionable Cloaths, and white Peruigs, (the great Levellers of Faces) alter Men! But I'll take no notice of him.

Cor. Is't possible so exquisite a Beauty
Can rest contented in such frozen Arms?

Bell. Oh very well, Sir: I love to lye cool.

Cor. Troth, Madam, to be plain with you, your Husband's my old acquaintance, and friend, my second-Self, and I have a great inclination to oblige him with a pair of Horns.

Bell. Have you indeed, Sir? I know not what you ſee in me, can juſtify this liberty of talking. Be mannerly, or begone, Sir.

Cor. Well, well, Madam, I'll talk of ſomething elſe. I was ſomething the more free to droll with you, becauſe they ſay your Husband, that was one of the moſt jealous Owls in nature, is now perfectly cur'd, and convinc'd of your honeſty. I am the moſt contented Man the Earth bears.

Bell. Why, are you ſuch a man?

Cor. I mean, Madam, He ſaid he was. What a Block-head am I!

Bell. Now will I torment him a little. You're a goodly Man indeed to talk of being my Gallant! If I would be concern'd with any man in the World, it ſhould be *Trivultio*. Ah, what a Genty man is this *Trivultio*!

Cor. Hell and Devils, Oh the crafty Strumpet! 'Tis too true I ſee. [*Goes to draw his Sword: ſhe runs up to him.*

Bell. Why, Husband; pretty, ſmug-fac'd Husband, did not I know thee? why wouldſt thou conceal thy ſelf? I was reſolv'd to vex thee a little for't.

Cor. Oh, was it nothing elſe? well enough. I did begin to relapſe.

Bell. Why, Husband, you're another manner of Man. Pretty ſmirking Rogue, come kiſs me.

Cor. That I am y'faith: I defy all the young fellows in Town for a Gallant. That I do, ſo I do.

Enter Eunuch.

Eun. Madam, yonder's Signior *Hircanio* without.

Bell. Very good: bid him come in; I'll leave you, *Exit.*

Cor. I, I; that will make rare ſport.
This Jealouſie, what is't? A dream of Horns.
What if I dreamt of Tails, or cloven Feet,
And had no real blemiſh?
Suppoſe the Feat was done, what is it then?
A wound of Honor, but without a pain:
The running through of a Ghoſt, the letting blood of Air,

The killing a *Chimera.*
Honor's a Shadow, that a Shadow's Dream.
Uncharitable Error, Vice of Plenty,
A ſenſleſs fright
That you want that of which you have too much.
Is a Face worſe for being ſeen? a voice for being heard
By others? A Hand, an Arm, a Mouth, and ſo the reſt,
For being touch'd, if they be unremov'd?
Did I imagine that I wanted Arms, or Legs,
And had them ſtill, were I not more ridiculous
Than loſs of them could make me monſtrous?
It was not ſo, when Men in Commons rang'd,
When every Male had Heards of hungry Females,
When Leachery was rul'd by publick Votes,
And Lovers, choſe like Magiſtrates
In cautious Common-wealths,
The ſhorter time, the better for the Publick;
Then from full Meals they interchang'd their Dainties,
But ſince we were reſtrain'd to little Chops.
And ſlender Meſſes, it is our poverty
That makes us narrow-Soul'd, and envious,
Snacling at every Paſſenger comes near
Our ſtinking cloſe-pick'd Bone.

Enter Hircanio.

Hir. May I make bold to interrupt your Solitude?

Cor. A worſe diverſion were a favour, Sir. Faith, Sir, 'tis ill halting before a Cripple, I believe you're of my mind, you take an opportunity to viſit the Lady, when her Husband's out of doors.

Hir. Oh fy, Sir, ſhe's a perſon of Honor,

Cor. Be not ſo over-wiſe, grave Sir; I'll deal frankly with you; I'm before hand with you: look, Sir; do you ſee this knot of Diamonds? A ſmall gift of hers.

Hir. Death? my Jewel. This the happy Favorite: we ſpend to maintain others. But pray, Sir, did you ever obtain the Favour?

Cor. Why, is not this a great one?

Hir. I, I; but the favor t'enjoy her, Sir.

Cor. Why, what d'ye think, we're no such *Lenten*-Lovers here in *Italy*, *Jove* be prais'd: I've layn with her five hundred times.

Hir. Oh the happy Man! but is she not a rare Bedfellow?

Cor. Faith, so, so: if it were not that she smells a little too much of the *Frangipani* in hot weather. But did you never kiss her too?

Hir. Never but in a civil Salute, or so.

Cor. Oh then she stops her Wind: but she has a breath more poisonous than the Pump-water of a Ship that never Leaks. The Devil's in him if he likes her now. [*Aside.*

Hir. Oh pray, Sir, then spare your leavings, and speak a good word for me: I may chance to find you a *Buona-Roba* in another place.

Cor. Say you so, Sir? I'll go about it strait.

Hir. Do, good Sir.

Cor. But remember your promise to Pimp for me, good grave Senator: 'tis an Honourable employment, and fit for none but Statesmen. *Exit.*

Hir. I'll not fail, Sir. This is the most hopeful way; for I fear her appointment in the Wilderness was trecherous.

Exit at the other door.

The SCENE, *A Street.*

Sforza *walking in it, and stopping over against the Prison where* Intrigo *is.*

Sfor. So, now I know where I am: here dwells my Goddess.

{*Knocks on the Hilt, then Hems*, Intrigo *appears at the Grate.*

Oh, now my Heaven appears; but clouded still.
Dear Saint,
Did ever mortal suffer so much violence?

Int. Trust me, this noble Count, with Candor and Familiarity, owns my afflictions, is come to see me, and calls me Saint, because of my persecutions. [*Aside.*
Certainly, Sir, it was a most unexpected and inhumane restraint.

Sfor.

Sfor. I, to be hurry'd and hall'd away by force,
And mew'd up in a kind of inchanted Caſtle.
The Lady has caught cold by her voice. [*Aſide.*

Int. I, and terrefy'd and threaten'd, and kept priſoner, without any Ground or Reaſon.

[Parhelia *looks out at a window hard by.*

Parh. Yonder's the Count has ſtumbled upon ſome other Masqu'd Lady: ſome miſtake. I muſt go to him: is he mad?

Intr. Verily, dear Sir, this was the moſt unjuſt captivity that ever was, ſince the Jews were in *Babylon.*

Sfor. I, or the *Spaniards* under the *Moors*, in *Granada.*

Int. Ha, *Moors!* does he abuſe me? 'Tis true, I could not get out this Black yet. [*Aſide.*
What e'r the occaſion was, is more then every body's aware of; but ſome ſhall hear on't on both ſides of their Ears.

Sfor. Nay, pray forget it now: Ladies hands ſtrike gently.

Int. Well conſider'd indeed, and 'tis good manners to kiſs the Rod, and bear it patiently.

Sfor. Why do you reproach me with my patience?
Where ſhall I find the Offenders? I'll tell you the whole ſtory.

Int. How, can you tell my ſtory better than my ſelf?

Sfor. Methinks the Lady ſpeaks not pertinently. [*Aſide.*
True, there was a Letter ſent from a Lady.

Int. Now does he abuſe me, for taking up *Bellinganna's* Note. [*Aſide.*

Sfor. Which I took to be yours. You might hear ſomething; but you ſaw nothing, but the beginning of the buſineſs.

Int. What means this? [*Aſide.*
But I hope I ſhall ſee an end on't ſhortly.

Sfor. Of what, dear Madam? Why do you ſpeak ſo myſtically? Muſt your Sence, as well as Face, be ſtill obſcur'd from me?

Int. Does he call me, Madam? Without doubt he abuſes me. [*Aſide.*
For all your ſcoffs, Sir, ſome Ladies may have worſe Faces; tho, I confeſs, I am a little Sun-burnt at preſent.

Sfor.

Sfor. Oh pardon me, Divinest Beauty, my Faith's as strong as ever.

Int. Why, worse and worse? I can endure no longer.

Enter Parhelia *veil'd.*

Sfor. I have incens'd my Goddess.

Parh. Well, what's the matter, Count?

Sfor. Here comes the Enchantress.

Parh. Another Mistress? What, are you mad; or turn'd inconstant?

Sfor. Avoid, Satan: you impudent Magician, Sorceress; the Earth shall swallow me, before I'll leave my first Engagements.

Parh. Why? I 'm your first.

Sfor. 'Tis false, you Witch, *Medaa*, Conjurer.

Parh. There's no talking to him now; but I'll stay to see th' event.

Sfor. Conceal'd Divinity, offended Goddess { *Falls down on his knees towards the Prison.*
Once more impart thy Glorious Rayes,
And visit thy immutable Adorer. { *Plays and makes most loving Grimaces.*
Pedro, my Guittar.

Int. Ha! some Musick! { *Putting out his Head farther than ordinary.*

Parh. Ha, ha, he! *Intrigo* in Prison, black as he was at my Cousin *Bellinganna*'s, which you take for a Masque; and here's the Prison. Come, view your Mistress nearer.

Sfor. Death, 'tis the grave fool indeed!

Int. Abuse me still! Oh the ignorance of Mankind, that judges all things by the event! [*Withdraws.*

Parh. Look here, that's my window I spy'd you from.

Sfor. True, this is the place undoubtedly: now I remember it. [*Falls on his knees to her.*
A thousand pardons, Madam, if 't be you.

Parh. Nay, I'll convince you. Come, go in with me into my House, and thence into some publick place,
Where you shall see her who your faith has try'd,
And judge, if well or ill, your Virtue was employ'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Jacomo, *knocks at the Priſon door, the Jaylor opens the door.*

Jac. Sir, Signior *Cornanti* has order'd you to releaſe *Intrigo.*

Jay. Very well, Sir. *Exit.*

Jac. Methinks this impriſonment ſhould have ſo mortify'd him, that we ſhall hear no more of his Love-Adventures at our Houſe: but 'tis ten to one but he will be launching out upon ſome new deſigne. He can no more conceal his counterfeit Wiſdom, then a beggarly Gallant can ſtay within doors with a Copper-Lac'd Suit.

Enter Intrigo *and* Jaylor.

Grave Signior *Intrigo*, you are injoyn'd not to ſpeak a word of the occaſion of your coming to our Houſe. Farewel, Sir, *Exit.*

Int. This releaſe was certainly procur'd by ſome overture from the amorous Lady, and the mollify'd *Duegna.* I will patiently expect another Summons. *Exit.*

The SCENE, *the* Doge's *Palace, with the ſame Furniture as before.*

Sforza *walking in it with his veil'd Miſtreſs.*

Sfor. Bleſs me, great Gods, what do I ſee, my glorious Priſon! the very ſame Room, the ſame Furniture, and the ſame Guards in Masks! *The Princeſs unveils, and he falls on his knees.*

Oh Heavens, the ſelf-ſame perſon!

Parh. What, will you yet adore your ſhame-fac'd Idol?
(Sure ſhe's an Angel, 'cauſe inviſible)
Or muſt I force you once again? *Drollingly.*

Sfor. Myſterious Goddeſs,
Blame not my diſobedience, miſ-led by duty.
I'm yours by ſuch a cloud of Titles, that I'm loſt in't:

Slave

Slave to your Beauty, Subject to your Wit,
And Captive to your Power, but as wise Princes
Who conquer Kingdoms, though by Law their own,
Claim by the Sword as the sublimest tenure,
And scorn all other wrangling competitions:
So let me be the Vassal of your greatness;
(Though Wit and Beauty, Empires without Arms,
Chain me too fast) kept in material Shackles;
And in the meanest Drudgeries employ'd,
Where I may view my Tyrants glorious Image.

Parh. I'll not mistrust your Virtue, nor my Charms;
Your constancy has made me value both;
Nor call him Captive that's invincible:
Love's no Usurper, but a Natural Prince;
So good, he needs no Laws nor Customs to
Restrain him; nor to protect him, Arms:
Harmless with Forces irresistible;
Invulnerable with naked Innocence.
Then you shall be my Prisoner, but at large;
Confin'd from nothing Love invites you to

Sfor. And Honor shall be judge what Love shall do.

Enter Cornanti *leading* Aurana, *and* Trivultio *leading* Bellinganna.

Corn. A jolly company y'faith, if we had the Fiddles.
[*Walks about Singing.*

Parh. What, broke loose again, Cousin?

Aur. Pray, Madam, how came you to hear of my escape?

Parh. Oh, my Cousin *Bellinganna* and I, have kept a constant correspondence. Well, Count, that you may not be miserable alone, here are some other fellow-Prisoners to Matrimony.

Sfor. If happiness may be increas'd by participation, or if I can receive any addition to what I have already, it is to see my friend *Trivultio* so.

Triv. Thanks, dear Count.

Sfor.

Sſor. But, Madam, one doubt remains yet unreſolv'd;
Who were your Angels, and who your Ghoſts?

Parh. Theſe were my Ghoſts: *Pointing to her Guards.*
And theſe my Angels. *Pointing to her Women and Pages.*

Cor. I have a pretty crotchet juſt now come into my Head: Yonder Parhelia *and* Bellinneſt, and would not cuckold me, if he might; and my Wife's a Woman of Honor; I have try'd 'em both; therefore will I cuckold him. *Ah quil eſt doux de faire, ſon cher amy Cocu.* Come hither pretty Soul, I do intend to make *Trivultio* my Heir: will you give me leave to viſit you, when your Husband's from home?

Aur. 'Twill be the greater favor, Sir, that you will own me in his abſence.

Cor. So, ſo; Done and Done; as plain as up and ride. Look how the poor fellow looks at me! As jea- Triv. *and* Bell. *pry* lous as a Gooſe! And my Wife too! I, Sir, *at him, and counter-* if you knew how near you were being a *feit a jealouſie.* Cuckold! (*Laughs.*) How ſneakingly a man looks that's jealous! (*Aſide.*) But, methinks the Rogue begins to look a ſquint at me.

Triv. I'll fright him a little. Hark you, Sir, do you endeavour to corrupt my Miſtreſs? [*Angrily.*

Cor. 'Slife, what ſhall I ſay? Thy Miſtreſs! not for a world? I'm not ſuch a Rogue. Make a Whore of her I intend ſhall bring Heirs to my Family!

Triv. It ſeems you intend to get 'em your ſelf. Come, come, Sir; 'tis no jeſting matter; I over-heard you.

Cor. Ha, ha, he. Was it not fit for me to try whether ſhe were honeſt, or no? Thou ſhouldſt never have had her elſe: my Son and Heir marry a Whore! I'de ſee her burnt firſt. If it had been any other Woman, I had been in earneſt, la.

Triv. Was it only ſo? I'm ſatisfy'd.

Cor. Oh, are you ſo? There's wit for you, at a dead pinch, la! Poor eaſy Milk-ſop, that ſhan't ſerve thy turn.
Thou art already Liſted and Inroll'd
Into the Honorable Society.

Corna, Corna, Corna chi vuol hauer di Corna [*Sings.*
Hark thee, *Trivultio*, I have forty thousand Crowns to spare; let me see, how many Whores will that make?

Triv. Faith, Sir, I want Arithmetick to count 'em. Shall I reckon by Julio's, or Halfe Crowns?

Cor. Halfe Crowns. A good Market-rate. Let me see, about eight hundred thousand of 'em. That's all. I have a project, that every one of these Women shall bear me two Male Children at a birth every year: so that about twenty years hence, I shall be able to bring every year a fresh Army of Sixteen hundred thousand fighting Men into the Field, out of my own Loyns, Boy. The old Patriarchs were Asses to me: poor impotent broken-belly'd Fumblers.

Triv. But, at this rate, you must get more Children in a night than *Hercules*.

Cor. Hercules! Why, *Hercules* never eat French Pottage, nor Jelly, nor Champignons. A poor Carret-eating Rogue! I'll have all the Cordials and Elixirs, that Nature treasures up for the industrious, payd by the rich. My Physitians shall study nothing else but the Art of *Procreation*; I'll have none but those that can turn all Nerves into Bones, and all Meat into Marrow.

Triv. Right, Sir. You shall have all the three Concoctions in a minute, and the time gain'd from them shall be employ'd to lengthen Generation.

Enter Visconti *with* Melinda; Visconti, *in his* French Habit, *stuck with Pistols, and a Musquetoon at's back.*

Parh. Well escap'd, Madam. I see you're as good as your word.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am as it were at home, under the wings of my Tutor here.

Visc. And, Begar, me vil now teche you de fineft lesson in de vol vorld.

Mel. No other Lesson, Mounsieur, but the *French* Song: [*Sings a ridiculous* French *Song.*

Cor.

Cor. What the Devil's this fellow that *Melinda* has got?

Viſc. Me be de *Exant* of de Guard to de Princeſſe: vat is dat to you?

Cor. Ex:ang, with a pox to't! what's that? [*Aſide.*

Good Mr. *Exang* be patient.—

Viſc. Do you laughé at me?

Cor. Pray excuſe me, Sir; 'tis a new word I had not heard before, a fine word: but I honor your Perſon as much as any man living, good Mr. *Exang.* [*Turns his Head and laughs.*

Turns his Head always at the word Exang, *and laughs, for fear the other ſhould ſee him.*

Sfor. We ſhall have ſome Blood-ſhed by and by, between theſe two Heroes.

Cor. If I might be hang'd, I cannot forbear talking to him. Hark you, Mounſieur *Exang*,—(*Turns his Head and laughs.*) are not you ſome Dancing-Maſter, or ſome ſuch kind of fellow? pray throw off your fighting Tools a little, and teach me a *Corante.* [*Walking about, and ſinging.*

Viſc. Me Dancing-Metre! Begar you lye in de troate; me corn dat. Me Metre Dance?

Cor. What are you then? a Fencing-Maſter? will you teach me the Stocade? the Sa, Sa?

Viſc. Morbleu: de affront to de Nobleſſe. Me no Metre-Dance, Metre-Fence, no Artizan, no Burgeois, no Fout-man. Me be Gentil homme. You be de Son of de Whore, and de Beech, and de Kiſhen Wench, to ſay ſo: me marry dis Lady de grand kalité. Me vil have ſatisfacſeeon.

Triv. 'Slife, what have you done? The Frenchmen are all Gentlemen abroad, unleſs their Cloaths diſprove 'em. The Ladies never queſtion it. We ſhall have a Challenge preſently: will you pleaſe to accept of me for a Second?

Cor. No, no; I hope, no need of that. [*Trembling.*

Viſc. Me Bourgeois! Me Roturier! Me Metre Dance! [*Walking angrily.*

Cor. I did not care neither, but that I ſtrain'd my Arm t'other day, fighting with the Watch: I can hardly ſtretch it out. And you know the chief Thruſt lies in the *Allongee.* I hate to kill a man by halves.

A Dance; in the middle of which, Enter Parſon.

Bell. Come, come, we loſe time: are you ready to be married?
To the work preſently, Mr. Parſon.

The three Couples joyn hands, Sforza *and* Parhelia; Viſconti *and* Melinda; Trivultio *and* Aurana. *A great noiſe without, (ſtand off, ſtand off; Traytors, Traytors.) Claſhing of Swords, the Women ſqueak.*

Parh. Oh Lord, we are undone! who would have thought of any bodies coming here at this time?
Aur. Heaven defend us.
Viſc. Que Diable eſt ſa!
Triv. Have a good Heart, man, 'tis nothing. } Cornanti
Cor. Sayſt thou ſo, Boy? Some frolick I warrant } *trembles.*
you.

Some of the Vizarded Men, are upon the Stage, others come running in. Enter the Doge *and the* Procurators, *the Yeomen of the Guard going before.*

Doge. Seize on the Conſpirators.
Yeomen. Deliver, deliver. [*They ſeize 'em.*
Doge. If I had not come hither by accident, contrary to my cuſtom, what a ſcandal had I layn under!
Bleſs me! my Daughter!
Parh. I humbly beg your Highneſs pardon: 'twas but harmleſs mirth.
Doge. With Arm'd Men in Vizards? and in my Palace too,
To wound my Servants, and oppoſe my Entrance?
I grieve at the diſhonor of my ſpotleſs Race.
Hir. Juſt Heaven, my Daughter with her hair-brain'd Gallant ſo ſoon again! Oh the wandring Whore!
Grim. And mine too with her ſharking *Frenchman*!
You Pow'rs above, why am I not ſtruck blind?
Degenerate Strumpet, couldſt thou find none to make
Thy Paramour, but this poor Muſhroom?
Viſc. Begar, me corn your word: me no Muſhroom, no Stool-toad.

Grim.

Grim. If you be his Wife, you shall soon be his Widow: I'll have your *French* Cock roasted alive, with his Gizards and Sausages about him there.

Mel. Oh Lord!

Doge. I'm sorry, Sir, to find you here, after so late an Honor given by the Senate.

Sfor. Sir, you will find Ingratitude a stranger to my thoughts.

Doge. A Parson too? The Trumpet of Rebellion! But, what ranting modish Gentleman's that?

Sfor. 'Tis old Signior *Cornanti* in disguise.

Cor. No, 'tis false, Sir, 'tis young Signior *Cornanti.*

Hir. How have I been abus'd then.

Doge. The *Metamorphosis!*

Cor. What, you're but in jest, Cousin! will you never ha done? you'll fright the poor Wenches out of their little wits.

Grim. 'Twill prove a sad jest, good Mounsieur.

Cor. Come, come, what a pox, this'll not pass. Ha, ha, he. Do you think to make a fool of me too? How you leer now! Do you think, if there had been any Treason in't, I, as a Senator, would not have discover'd it? Have not I as great a love for the Commonwealth, as your self, Sir? — Hark you, Sir, have you found out a *Buona-roba* for me yet? [*To* Hircanio.

Doge. This Gentleman's strangely alter'd, from a penurious Melancholly, to an exorbitant gayety. Sure he counterfeits.

Hir. No doubt on't, Sir, — I know this poor fellow's folly; but let him be hang'd however, that he may tell no tales. [*Aside.*

Cor. Trivultio, dost thou see how finely they act their Parts! as if it were a Stage-Play.

Doge. I cannot guess what this design may be.
These two are Subjects of the King of *Spain.*

Hir. The Case is plain, these strangers have design'd
To whore our Daughter, cut our Throats, and put
A *Spanish* Yoak upon this free-born State.
I hear there's an Army ready, marching from *Milan*;
'Tis no time to think, Sir. — Now, with this lye, will I come even with my Daughter's Ravisher, and my happy Rival though she hang for't too, no matter. [*Aside.*

Sfor. Great Gods, assert our innocence. *Doge.*

Doge. Gentlemen, this is no time time to defend your ſelves. The danger urges. I muſt ſpeedily
Provide for the ſafety of the Republick. [*Viſconti ſlips away.*
Guards look to the Priſoners, and keep 'em all in ſeveral Rooms, with a Guard to each, that there may be no contriving, or packing of ſett Tales. And you, Tipſtaves, let the Council of Forty be Aſſembled immediately; and let the Pope's Legate, Cardinal *Colonna*, though he arriv'd here but laſt night, and has not yet appear'd in publick, be deſir'd to attend the Senate, in caſe of Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, upon the leſſer *Offendors* of this numerous Riot:
That our neglect, Poſterity condemn not,
Nor the leaſt Wheel in this rare Frame be ſhaken,
Though to the ruine of our private Houſes. *Exit.*

Hir. Look eſpecially to this wild Traytor *Trivultio.*

1 *Gua.* I'll warrant you, Sir. *Exit with* Triv.

2 *Gua.* What's become of the *Frenchman?*

3 *Gua.* I believe he's run away.

2 *Gua.* That's like 'em. *Exit.*

Cor. What a pox means this? Hark you, Ladies, if they ſhould be in ſober ſadneſs after all, 'twould vex one.

Parh. 'Tis too true, Couſin.

Cor. Pox o' theſe grave fellows, there's more malice in one of 'em, than in twenty of us young merry ſcabs.

3 *Gua.* Come away, Sir, do you rail at his Highneſs?

Cor. What, I warrant you, you're in good earneſt, are you, you'll be hang'd as ſoon.

3 *Gua.* I'll try that. [*Takes him.*

Cor. Nay, prithee good Beef-eater, ſtay a little; prythee, prythee.

3 *Gua.* Come aloft, Sir.

{*The great fellow tucks him under his arm, and goes out with his heels foremoſt.*

Cor. Do you know who I am? {*Kicks and ſtrugles.*
A Senator, a Senator, a Senator, {*Exeunt Guarded.*

The

The SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Tipstaff *and* Circumstantio.

What a coil's here about this Master of thine? I tell thee he's not here.

Cir. Why there can be no affairs of State transacted without him.

Tipst. Honest *Circumstantio*, I see thou hast little to do, and I have a great deal of business, prythee take my Tipstaff, and summon the Cardinal.

Cir. Oh I know the House that was taken for him in the *Strada della Chiesa*, I'll do't for you. [*Takes the Tipstaff.*] *Exit.*

Enter a Watchman, with many of the Rabble about him. Visconti *passes by hastily in his* French *Habit: the Watchman comes up to him.*

Watch. Stand; Whither so fast? Are not you one of the Conspirators?

Visc. Me be povré Estranger:

1 *Man.* A *Frenchman*, a *Frenchman.*

2 *Man.* A *French* Dog; all the Plots come from thence.

3 *Man.* Knock him down.

4 *Man.* Brain him. This is he that set my House o' fire. 'T could be no body but a *Frenchman.*

6 *Man.* This is he that got my Daughter with Child. That was a *French* trick too.

Watch. Keep the Peace neighbors, and let us bring him before the Senate. He was in as much haste, as if he had been coming from *Candia* or *Gygery.*

All. I, I, away with him, away with him. A Plot, a Plot: the *French*, the *French.*

1 *Man.* They'll burn the City.

2 *Man.* They'll worry our Wives and Children.

3 *Man.* They'll let in the Sea, and drown us.

5 *Man.* 'Twas they that brought the Plague into *Venice.*

7 *Man.* I, and the Pox too, formerly.

Watch. What's your name?

Visc. Me be Metre de Language to Signior *Grimani.* Me be no *Frenchman*, me be *Italien.*

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* No matter, you shall be hang'd for looking like one.

2 *Man.* I, for clipping the true Language.

3 *Man.* You shall be hang'd *Al-a-mode de France.*

Watch. Come, come away.

All. Away with him, away with him.

Boys follow him crying.

A *Mounsire.* A *Mounser.* A *Munchir.* A Mister *Mownseer.*

[*Exeunt all in a hurry, haling him away.*

The SCENE *A Prison with a Bed in't.*

Trivultio *in his Night-Gown and Cap. A Table, with bottles of Wine, and Glasses upon it. A Soldier to guard him.*

Triv. Come, honest Guard, take thy Glass in thy hand.

[*Gives him one.*

Guard. God bless your Worship.

Triv. Now let us sing the Catch I show'd thee.

SONG.

How happy's our Fate,
To live thus in State,
With our Guards at our Gate!
None can have access
But must Court and Address
And their business confess:
Then take off thy Glass on thy dutiful Knee,
For Princes are Pris'ners as well as we. {Guard kneels and drinks.

Triv. Now fill my Glass: faith, if we must dye, let's dye merrily however.

Guard. I have heard 'em say, Sir, that Drinking's the cure of all Diseases.

Triv. No, thou'rt mistaken.
It sweetens sorrow, but removes it not,
Unless the mind be made Serene before,

With

With ſublime preparations; then 'tis the higheſt Leachery to dye, and, next to that, to be in priſon.

Guard. Troth, Maſter, methinks you make very light on't. If I were ſure there were good Drink i'th' other World, I did not care if I were dead too.

Triv. Why doſt thou doubt it, man? They ſay every thing is more plentiful there, than here; and all Men are alike, and no poor.

Guard. Oh Lord, Maſter, how can you tell?

Triv. Why, there are ſeveral that have ſtaid in the other World a little time: as ſome that have been in long Swoons, Apoplexies, and præternatural Sleeps; others, that have been halfe-hang'd, cut down again, and recover'd. The other world, they ſay, is juſt ſuch another place, as the Countreys of *America*, *Brazile*, *Mexico* and *Peru*: there are few that venture to go there, but ſuch as can live here no longer; but, when they come thither, they find every thing ſo good there, that they never think of coming back again.

Guard. Oh Lord, what would I give to ſpeak with one of thoſe Men that have been in the other World!

Triv. This fellow's deadly ſimple, and drunk to boot. *Aſide.* Why, thou ſhalt ſpeak with one preſently. I'm a dying man, thou know'ſt, and if I were hang'd out-right now, 'twere but ſome hours ſooner; and a toy takes me i'th' head, to have thee put my Garter about my neck, and half hang me, that I may ſee what the other World is, we're going to: but be ſure you leave pulling when I make ſigns to give o're.

Guard. Oh that would be fine, and pleaſant, indeed, if I did not hurt you. But, Maſter, if I ſhould hang you in good earneſt, I ſhould be hang'd for you.

Triv. Oh, never fear that. Here, take my Garter, make a running knot, and on with it. (*Guard puts it on.*) Now, according to the laudable cuſtom of Malefactors, will I give this wicked World a ſhort exhortation.

Guard. Oh, pray Maſter, do.

Triv. *Good People, I am come hither to be a ſpectacle to Men and Angels, Criticks, and Devils; I am to pay a debt to Nature, which ſhe has made over to a greedy Huſwife call'd Fortune,*

who calls for it in before the day of payment. But Death is Honorable, Advantageous, and Neceſſary: Honourable in old Men, to make room for younger; Advantageous to thoſe that get Legacies by it: and Neceſſary for Married people, that have no other Jayl-delivery. I am moſt juſtly brought hither to ſuffer this ignominious death, and as my Legacy, do bequeath you an uſeful caution, concerning that horrid and crying ſin, that has brought me to this moſt Tragical end. My Godly Parents brought me up moſt virtuouſly, in hopes to have ſold me to a Wife to the greater advantage: but at fifteen years of age, the Devil, the Devil grew powerful in me, and tempted me to a ſin, Nature would never have thought of (good people: I tremble to name it) getting my Mother's Maid with Child. Ah! Speaks ſoftly and quivering. Bettina, Bettina, *thou taughtſt me a trick I could never leave ſince. Thy Sweet-meats, and thy Sugar-plums, have brought me to the Gallows. Hangman, I freely forgive thee; and more freely, than ever any dying man did. Do thy Office.*

Guard. Oh *Gemini!* what a brave Speech will he make when he comes to't in good earneſt!

Triv. Pull down my Night-Cap, that I may not fright thee, and that I may ſee more inwardly into the other world.

[*Pulls down his Cap, and pulls the Garter.*

Guard. What do you ſee now, Maſter?

Triv. Nothing yet, but a Myſt. Pull harder.

[Triv. *puts his fingers between his Throat and the Garter.*

Now pull o' God's name.

[*Guard pulls a little; then asks.*

Guard. What do you ſee now Maſter? The Rope's very cloſe: pray God he recover.

Triv. I ſee Rocks and Mountains, and craggy places, and Men crawling upon 'em, like Snails or Maggots. Now I am come into a fair Plain, all ſet with Orange-Trees, Jeſſamin, and Roſe-Trees: the moſt delicious place that in my life, I ever ſaw. But oh, oh, oh, now I ſee——— (*He counterfeits a ratling in his Throat.*)

Guard. What, Maſter, what? he ſpeaks mighty plain to be three quarters hang'd; but 'tis a lightning before death.

Triv.

Triv. Oh the blessed sight! At the end of this Plain, I see a great huge pair of blew Stairs, as broad as all the whole World, made all of *Turky* Stones, and *Lapis Lazuli's*, and they are stuck as thick with Checquins, as ever they can hold, with many broad *Portagu'ns*, and *English Jacobus's* amongst 'em; and there is one piece of huge bright Gold, as broad as from hence to *Padua*, and another paler piece, as broad as from hence to *Malamocco*.

Guard. Now, o' my conscience, these same blew Stairs are the Skies; and the Stars, it seems, are nothing but Checquins; and the Planets, *Portugu'ns*, and *Cobus's*: and the Sun and Moon are those same great gallant pieces. Pray Master let me be hang'd too, and go to Heaven presently.

Triv. No, no; I will see a little more. Oh the lovely Vision! Now do I see a great many of my old acquaintance, and some poor Tenants of my Father's, that are dead, going up and down these Stairs, and taking out the great pieces, and playing with 'em at Coits, and tossing about the little ones like Tennis-balls.

Guard. Oh Lord, Master, let me go to Heaven too, for God's sake; I can stay no longer. I will slacken the Rope.

Triv. Now the Devil take thee for a cross fool: its all gone again.

Guard. Nay, good Master, ben't angry, but hang me a little too.

Triv. Come, and thou wilt, on that condition thou'lt hang me again. [*Pulls off his Cap.*

Guard. I will indeed, Master.

{ Trivultio *puts the Garter about his Neck, and the Cap on his Head, and pulls hard.*

Triv. What dost thou see now?

Guard. Nothing yet Master but a black Mist: And yet methinks the Rope is hard enough.

[*Speaks as if he were almost strangled. Triv. picks the key of the door out of his pocket, shows it, and runs and unlocks the door, and and locks it again upon him.*

Triv. Oh, 'twill clear up by and by.

Guard.

Guard. Pull a little more. I see nothing in the World yet, but a great Fog. Pull, for God's sake, Master. Why don't you pull? Master, where are you? [*Pulls off his Cap, and misses him.*

Triv. Here, Boy, here: is the Myst clear'd up yet? [*Peeping in at the Gate.*

Guard. How the Devil got you there? [*Feels for his Key and misses it.*

Triv. How many Checquins have you got in the other World? will you play at Coits, or Tennis with 'em? Are they as heavy as *Venetian* Money? sure they are light, they could not toss 'em so nimbly else.

[*Guard goes to the door, and finds it lock'd.*

Guard. Oh the Traytor! stop Thief, stop.

The Scene *changes to a part of the* Senate-House.

Enter Intrigo *and a Door-keeper.*

Door-k. If you be discover'd I shall be sent to the Gallies; for none are admitted into the *Senate-House*, but Gentlemen of *Venice.*

Int. Fear not, here's twenty Checquins for you.

Door-k. Here, Sir, you may lye at large in this great Trunk of Records: 'tis a little Dining-room. [*Shows him the Trunk.* I'll get a hole made on purpose to put out your Head and Hands, that you may listen and take Notes.

Int. Very well, How shall I hug my self, to hear the condemnation of these imprudent Revellers! and besides, dive into the fresh Intrigues and Cabinet Councils, that come piping hot from *Rome*! How freely will this Cardinal empty himself into this bosom of mine, and know not who has drain'd him! This Art do we Politicians call pumping by Proxy, or the Magical Screw. [*The* Scene *shuts upon 'em.*

Enter Trivultio.

So so, I am got off clear. Now for another device to help my friends. The Cardinal Legate is newly come to Town, and scarce known to any man in *Venice.* Great Bodies move slowly, and he does not think the Senate is in such great haste; I will have a trick to prevent this Cardinal. The greatest difficulty will be, to get *Hircanio's* Daughter; But *Cornanti* is bound to make the Match for me, for the kindness I did, in curing him

him of Jealousie. And shall I then attempt his wife again? Ingrateful God of Love! Pox on't, in matter of Women, the deceit is Trivial. Civiliz'd Mankind that live in Towns, lye with one anothers Wives, as Gentlemen cheat in Horses, by a *Tacit compact*, and rule among themselves. Let *Cornanti* pursue his inclinations, I'll follow mine.

Man's Gratitude may sometimes rise from Pride.
Friendship to others from the first writ Law
Of pleasing of himself; why may not I endure
The burden of a wilful obligation;
And not be tossing it still back again
To one who throws it upon me to ease himself?
For why should Mankind live by Rule and Measure.
Since all his Virtue rises from his Pleasure?

ACT V.

The SCENE, *The Senate-House.*

The Senate *sitting, the* Doge *and* Procurators *of* S. Mark, *and all the Officers: the Prisoners at Bar*: Sfor. Parh. Cor. Bell. Visc. Mel. Trivultio *disguis'd like the* Cardinal Legat. *All in form of Judicature.*

1 *Sen.* The boldest frolick this wise State has known,
2 *Sen.* 'Tis Treason in a high degree.
3 *Sen.* 'Twas nothing but an amorous Gambol.
4 *Sen.* One of *Cupid's* Conspiracies,
The God that drolls at Law.
But hear the Advocate-General. { *Signior* Satana *arises up in his Bar-Gown.*
Sata. Most Gracious Fathers,
I thank auspicious Heav'n I find you here,
That no black unprevented crime has caus'd
Your absence, or Adjourn'd your Session to another World.
For since this Infant-Commonwealth first strugled
Out of its *Chaos*, and assum'd this glorious form,
There never was, such dark, such hellish practice,
Not to be spoke of, if not acted first,

Nor

Nor told to listning Children, but with sharpest vengeance,
Lest they should conne the Crimes, or hate their Fathers.
For their supine Indulgence. But what was this designe?
Nought but subversion of the State. A Peccadillo.
Nought but the breaking the most curious frame
The World can boast of, since the Heavens were built.
A Love toy.
Making a *Chaos* of a Firmament,
A pretty fidling, dancing, kissing Treason.
But where was this? even in the *Doge*'s Palace,
The sacred Fort, and safeguard of the Prince.
And when?
Even in the Carnival, that time of Licence,
When all Men may turn Traytors. And by whom?
Even by Soldiers, and by Forreigners:
Men that have Int'rest in the Camp and Closet;
None in the Senate. Men that have no Bowels,
Nor native tenderness for this our Mother.
But you'll say 'twas but
A merry meeting with some Women in't.
A Play with Snakes to make it innocent.
No Vice is perfect, but a Woman's in't:
Women, the Lures of Schismaticks and Rebels,
The Pleas of Nature, in the mouth of Grace
Those Cables twisted round with silken Threads
Of immaterial Doctrines that would quickly break,
But for the strong attractives under-woven.

Hir. True, Learned *Satana*, 'twas a horrid Treason;
And should the Senate wink at this great Crime,
Like *Manlius*, with these Hands I'de Sacrifice
My Offspring to just Vengeance.

2 *Sen.* Spoke like his Ancestors.

1 *Sen.* This was a forreign project.

2 *Sen.* The King of *Spain*'s,
The Universal *Monarch*.

{ Intrigo *putting his Head and Hands out of the Trunk, unseen to the Senate.*

Int. Like enough, the King of *Spain* a hand in

Stealing

Stealing the Man's Daughter.

[*Notes it in a Table-Book.*

4 *Sen.* This 'tis to favour Strangers.

3 *Sen.* Yet ſome not ſtick to ſay, 'twas but a Wedding;
The more ſuſpitious. Was not the execution
Of Proteſtants at *Paris*, acted at one?

4 *Sen.* But, were there no deſigne,
Yet, in the rigor of the Law, 'tis death
To go diſguis'd in Arms: expreſly 'gainſt
The Letter of the Act of *Ordelafo*,
For Swords and Vizors ne'r were worn together
But in believing *England*, where Saints turn Rebels.

2 *Sen.* Let 'em dye then.

Prov. Illuſtrious Fathers, did I think this riot
Had the leaſt face of Treaſon, or of Murder,
None ſhould more blindly Cenſure, deafly Judge;
But ſince the root of this ſo deep deſigne
Is the weak Paſſion Love, whoſe follies are
Its Wiſdom, Crimes its Virtues: ſhall we be ſo ſevere
T'inflict ſuch puniſhments, as theſe diſorders, back'd
With bloody'ſt miſchiefs, only could deſerve?
Had theſe poor Lovers undermin'd your Senate,
Kill'd ſome chief Magiſtrate, or fir'd your City,
Seiz'd on the Arſenal, or but contriv'd, or hop'd for
The leaſt of theſe; then had we juſtly trembled:
But they, fierce Wights, were in an open *Villa*,
Their Bulwarks were their Hedges, Orange Trees their Blinds;
Their Trumpets, Fiddles, Banners, Ladies Scarfs;
And Petticoats their Trenches. Monſtrous Treaſons!
Dark Machinations! Dreadful *Spaniſh* Plots!

[*A Proveditor, or Senator riſes up.*

[Intrigo *peeps out again.*

Int. Bulwarks Hedges, Peticoats Trenches?
My life for't, ſome modern way of Fortifications;
How this age improves!

[*Notes it again.*

Prov. Beſt torture 'em; and mortify thoſe Limbs
Which Love would have made ſuppler before morning:
Make 'em confeſs, and chuſe to dye, for death
Is leſs to them, than or delay, or pain.

Exeunt

Extort how many dangerous deep Intrigues
What Junto's they have had to blow up hearts,
How many Towns they've taken, plunder'd, fir'd, and ſlighted,
And which of them by Storm, and which by Treaty,
And give a Liſt of the Confederates.
'Twould cauſe ſome bluſhes in the Senate Houſe.
But you muſt know all! Theſe were bloody Plots
To blow up Virgin-Treaſures: not *S. Mark's.*

Cor. Brave Boy!

2 *Sen.* Pſhaw! now I am clearly convinc'd, there was no Treaſon in't.

3 *Sen.* No, none at all.

4 *Sen.* Yes, a treaſonable piece of Leachery.

3 *Sen.* An inconſiderate Frolick.
Count *Sforza* has deſerv'd well of the State.

2 *Sen.* The Ladies could have no deſigne to betray their Fathers.

Doge. The ſeverity of the Act of *Ordelaſo*, has been mitigated by two ſubſequent Statutes, in *Gradenico* and *Friuli's* times; ſo that now the Law ſtands thus. This Fact is death without mercy, if prov'd intentional for Treaſon, or for Murder; if otherwiſe, the Gallies, or Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, according to the circumſtances, which heighten or extenuate the crime, Gentlemen, which of theſe three are you reſolv'd on?

All Sen. Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure.

Doge. Your Eminence is deſir'd to give your Sacred Sentence.
And with the ſparks of your deriv'd Infallibility,
To light our ſtumbling Reaſon.

Cor. How bloodily this Cardinal looks! 'Twould trouble me to dye in the very Flower of my Age thus.

Viſc. And, begar, me have de Fievre quarte.

Cor. Hark you Mr. *Exang*, you ſhall have the Honor to be hang'd firſt, becauſe of your Command: Mounſieur *Exang*, la Precedence *Monſou.*

Cryer. Silence at the Bar.

Triv. Moſt Honor'd Senators, I much commend your charity. } *Riſing up.*
And Chriſtian tenderneſs, in caſe of Blood.

Your

Your Infant State requir'd that cautious rigor.
Strict Laws, are like Steel Bodies, good for growing Limbs;
But when the Joynts are knit, they are not helps, but burdens.
That which now seems t'have caus'd this great disorder,
Is that wild passion Love, which is not tam'd,
But with much Pray'r and Fasting, by us Men in Orders;
And secular Men must be allow'd some grains.
Most Laws exempt Mad Men from Executions;
Their death breeds pity more than terror. All these errors
Were done by chance, when Love had baniſh'd Reason.
To put to death six Lovers on their Wedding day,
When they are going to give life to others,
Would be a Maſſacre, not execution.

Int. Peeps out. That's to say, People in the solemn Act of Generation ought not to be disturb'd A pious Cardinal.

Triv. Poor easy Souls, they were going to betray
Themselves, not you: you fright 'em from the snare
They're running in such haste to thrust their Heads in.

Cor. 'Slife, this 'll prove a brave Man of God!

Visc. O de good-man o' de Shourshie,

Cor. This fellow talks as if he were frighting away Crows; 'tis pity you should scape hanging, good Mr. *Exang.*

Visc. Begar old Man, if me be no hang'd, me vil have satisfaceon for de affront in the Hooſe of the great Dogue.

Cor. Bear witness, Gentlemen, he threatens me, I shall go in dread of my life; therefore for the security of my Person, good Mr. Cardinal, hang us both together.

Cryer. Peace in the Court; Peace, Peace.

Triv. Four punishments the Church allows us,
Fire, Gallies, Inquisition, Excommunication;
Or other Pennance at the Priests discretion.
And, to conclude, they need
No other Flames to burn in, but their own:
Love is no Heresie, but a Catholick Doctrine;
The same way made and finish'd over all the World;
Needs no Inquisitors, but cautious Parents.
Hard Oars were never made for such soft Hands.
Soul-wounding Excommunications

Are blows too Airy for such ſtiff-neck'd Riots,
Bordering on Treaſon.

Sfor. Whither now! ſhall we be tranſported?

Triv. Love was the cauſe, 'tis fit that Love ſhould ſuffer.

Sfor. I had rather dye, than loſe my Miſtriſs.

Triv. Then I decree, by virtue of the Holy Chair's,
And this Republick's Laws, that firſt the Priſoners
Implore the pardon of th' offended Senate;
And, farthermore, I ſolemnly condemn 'em
To the perpetual Priſon of the Nuptial Sheets.
Late Councils hold, Marriage from Heav'n was ſent,
Not the reward of Love, but puniſhment.

All Sen. Agreed, agreed. Admirable Divine Sentence!

Doge. The Judgement's very mild; but I ſubmit,
To th' Reverend Church. Count *Sforza*'s Virtue is
A double Fortune.
Daughter, are you contented with your choice.

Par. The State has try'd his Service, I, his Faith,
With ſome experiments not leſs diſtracting
I dare not now diſpute your Highneſs Sentence.

Grim. My Daughter married to
A wandring *Frenchman*! Your Eminence be pleas'd
To pauſe upon that Judgement.

Int. peeps out. A *Frenchman* too in the Plot! o' my word, a ſhrewd deep-thinking Nation: they cover internal Wiſdom, with external Folly.

Triv. It is irrevocable.
'Twas firſt her choice, and now her puniſhment.

Viſc. Begar old Fader in de law, me noe Vagaboon, me noe Rogue wandring.

Int. Mark his politick Accent, and his craftily tranſpoſed Senſe. Who ſees the bottom of this?

Viſc. to Grim. Sir, to perplex you no longer. I am not the firſt *French*-Maſter, that has run away with a Gentleman's Daughter. [*Pulls off his Diſguiſe.*
Your Daughter's wondrous apt to learn the Language.

1 *Sen.* Of Nature, Sir.

2 *Sen. Viſconti!*

Cor.

Cor. Why, my dear friend, and no Exchange! [*Hugs him.*

3 *Sen.* A good Match for your Daughter.

Grim. I have had better offers; but I acquieſce
In Sacred Juſtice, with my Daughters liking.

Mel. Our Vows are ſeal'd long ſince, Sir.

Hir. Here's mad work y'faith!
I'm glad the Reveller is not here, to marry
My Daughter.

1 *Sen.* How does your Eminence diſpoſe of the marry'd Couple?

Triv. Their puniſhment ſhall be to live at home
Together; and that's enough for her;
His, to return from a glittering Gallant, to a Thread-bare Uſurer, and to tell,
All his own Money till his fingers ake,
Without a Deputy Scraper.

Cor. I'll throw't away firſt!

Triv. And for the credit of his forſaken Dignity,
To have his Senator's Gown ſtitch'd to his Back.

Cor. This whorſon long gown will utterly ſpoil my *Boon meen.*

Int. Nay, if the Clariſſimo's begin to go in Quirpo once, farewel Chriſtendom, unleſs it be done upon deſigne.

Bell. No matter, Husband, if your Reverend jealouſie return not.

Cor. The Devil lodge ſuch Gueſts, *Carnanti* never.

1 *Sen.* But, Reverend Father, there is yet one of
The chief Malefactors that has broke priſon,
And left his Miſtreſs *Aurana* behind him.
How do you Sentence him?

Triv. To be married to her, aſſoon as e're he's caught.
I have heard 'em ſay, he's a wandring Gallant; 'twill be a true puniſhment to him: if an ordinary Priſon will not hold him, clap him into the Dungeon.

Aur. Oh that *Trivultio* was here, to thank this good Cardinal.

Hir. Nay, Reverend Sir, let not ſo rude a fellow
Enjoy my only Heir, his Fortune too, incertain.

Triv. I do not uſe to have Decrees ſo Canvas'd.

Hir. Then, if I must consent to lose a Father's pow'r,
Let 'em inherit wrangling poverty.
I'll never bait her Misery with my Fortune.

Cor. He a rude fellow? 'Tis false, Sir. O' my knowledge he's as honest a young Man of his Body, as any's within a hundred mile of his Head, though I say it, that should not. I have try'd him, Sir if you go to that, and you too. Hold your prating, *Hircanio*: shall I tell all? { *Puts his finger to his Nose.*

Hir. Betray'd, and sham'd!
Come, come, Sir, what's this to his Fortune

Cor. 'Tis thus much, Sir: I have enough for him, and for my self too; and he shall have your Daughter, in spight of your teeth, if you go to that, la! say I told you so.
Tara tang. [*Sings.*

Int. This old Gentleman's much improv'd of late in his Parts and Elocution: He has been an unknown wise Man these forty years. Heaven guard the State.

Hir. Was ever Man thus Hector'd by a Priest and a Lunatic!

2 *Sen.* How does your Eminence adjudge the Complices?

Triv. Alas poor hirelings! Let 'em all be pardon'd.

All Sen. Excellent Sentence!

Doge. Let all these Decrees be entred in the Journal.

All Sen. I, I, I. [*Great cry.*

Hir. — No, [*Faintly, after all.*

1 *Sen.* Do you observe the malicious feeble Negative?

Enter Cardinal Colonna, *the Pope's Legat.*

What another Cardinal?

2 *Sen.* There's never a Cardinal at *Venice* more,
But old *Grimaldi*, that lies Bed-rid.

1 *Sen.* True. Cardinal *Bragadino* is at *Rome*,
In his waiting upon his Holiness.

2 *Sen.* But 'tis the same I think.

3 *Sen.* An Apparition!
Do my Eyes see double?
Here's another Cardinal *Colonna*!

4 *Sen.* All old Cardinals look alike, as all old Women do.

Card.

Card. Ha! What do I ſee? another in my place! [*Comes forward.*
Honored Senators, I come t'attend your pleaſures.

Doge. What, a double Cardinal *Colonna*! {*Many Senators riſe up asfrighted*
Sure this is ſome Impoſtor.

Grim. Rather a Spright: one of the Devils Prelates.

[Trivultio *riſes up.*

1 *Sen.* That he may be, and yet be Fleſh and Bloud.

Int. I knew it would not paſs thus.
I warrant you, wiſe *Rome* keeps a Counterpart
Of every Cardinal ſhe ſends abroad.

Triv. Moſt worthy Sons of the Church,
I beg your Juſtice from the Holy Chair,
Upon this Sacrilegious Impoſtor,
For abuſing our Sacred Habit Legatine.

Card. Why, Gentlemen, would you make me believe
I am not my ſelf?
Impudent Monſter, thou'rt a Cheat,
An *Anathema*, to abuſe the Church,
And to uſurp my Seat. If thou 'rt a Cardinal,
Thou art no Legate from his Holineſs.

{*Goes up to him furiouſly, as if he would pull him out.*

I will Dethrone thee.

Triv. Fathers, look to the Honor of the *Chriſtian* Faith.

1 *Sen.* Right, Such violence becomes not his Profeſſion.

Doge. Forbear to affront his Eminence.

3 *Sen.* No rude action till the thing is known.

Int. Theſe Cardinals are ſpies one upon another, and know it not.

Doge. Tipſtaff, Who was it that was ſent to ſummon his Eminence?

Tip. A fellow that's without.

Doge. Call him in.

{Tipſtaff *goes to the door, and brings in* Circumſtantio.

What did you ſummon the Cardinal here?

[*Pointing to* Trivultio.

Cir. With due ſubmiſſion to your Honors Worſhip,

And

And ſtriking ſail to your intellectual Gravity,
And without offence be it ſpoken to his
Cardinals Worſhip, if I may take the boldneſs to ſay ſo,
I did.

Int. My man entred into the grand Intrigue! O' my word, he was always a hopeful fellow.

Doge. A very formal Coxcomb. Well then, turn about. Did you fetch this Cardinal too here? *Pointing to the Cardinal.*

Cir. I marry did I, as I told you before, will you not believe me? what are you skipt hither ſo ſoon? *Looks at one, then at another, as if he were frighted.*

Card. Honeſt friend, did not you fetch me?

Cir. I, I'm ſure I fetcht you, if you be the ſame with the other; for I fetcht but one: but if your Worſhips be two of you, I know not which I fetch'd.

Card. Why, doſt thou not know me? and didſt thou not come to me, to my Houſe in the *Strada della Chieſa*?

Cir. I, that I'll be ſworn I did, and I know your Worſhip very well: but, beſhrew my heart, I think your Worſhip's a *Strologer*, or a *Negromonſter*, that can make two people of one.

3 *Sen.* Strange Labyrinth?

2 *Sen.* The fellow himſelf cannot know it.

Doge. Nothing but circumſtance of time and place,
Can clear this doubt. *Tipſtaff*, did you employ this fellow?

Tip. May it pleaſe your Highneſs, not I; but he told me, that one of our fellows did, who ſhould have gone himſelf.

Doge. This may be a Rogue, then. Come, come, ſirrah, tell the whole ſtory, with all the circumſtances of it, how, where, and from whom you receiv'd your Meſſage; and how long ſince you deliver'd it, and where you met with the Cardinal, with other particulars.

Cir. I ſhall, Sir, tell you in ſhort. Going to go this morning towards a Club we have kept theſe two years, as much as to ſay a merry meeting, as much as to ſay, at the *Three Tuns* in the *Piazza dei Jardini*, as fine a Signe as any's in *Venice*, and as well Painted, by the ſame token, we had beſpoke to Supper, a diſh of ſtew'd Cheſnuts, five ſtumps of Capons Legs

we

we had borrow'd of our Masters, a Fricacee of Frogs, and a dish of butter'd Snails; I had not gone half way, but as sure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, who should I meet with by the way, but a great croud of people with Halberds, and Staves, carrying Thieves or Traytors to prison.

Int. An excellent Narrative!
Little does the Senate know, by whose Precepts he was form'd to this perfection.

1 *Sen.* A very impertinent fellow! [*Aside,*

Cir. So, I stept aside into a Shop, to see 'em pass: the Shopkeeper ask'd me what I would buy; But, intending my Money for other uses, out I went into the Street again; and, as sure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, the company was almost lost: yet I had a mind to follow 'em; but, for all my haste, I was resolved to take a dram of the Bottle by the way.

Card. Honest friend, come to the point. You know where you found me, and what you found me doing, who was with me, and how I promis'd you to come presently, as soon as I had dispatch'd my business with the Canons of *S. Mark*, whom you saw there.

Cir. Oh Lord, Sir! what are you mad, Sir?—{*Scratches his Head.*} Now have you clearly put me out, that I cannot remember one word more, if I were to be hang'd for't; unless I begin again, word for word.

Int. Alas-a-day, his old infirmity! 'tmay spoil his State-course.

Doge. So so: this is a made tale.

1 *Sen.* A meer juggle, and contrivance between 'em.

2 *Sen.* And the fellow makes himself simple, to be the less suspected.

Cir. Indeed, my Lords, what I speak is very true; but I am a little out in my story, and the Lesson I learn'd of my Master.

Doge. So, so, he confesses the Master and the Schollar.

1 *Sen.* 'Tis now as clear as day.

4 *Sen.* A meer study'd Lesson, and the fellow could say no farther; for he had it only by roat.

Doge. Away with the Mock-Cardinal, and his Man: clap

the

the Master and Schollar close in Irons, till farther order.
[*The Tipstaves seize 'em.*

3 *Sen.* Disrobe and whip him.

4 *Sen.* No, let him be sent in this Habit to *Rome*, and there punish'd.

2 *Sen.* A most impious Act.

4 *Sen.* Prophane.

2 *Sen.* Abominable.

Card. Is there no Justice here?
Then I appeal unto the Holy Chair.

1 *Sen.* We allow no Appeals. Away with him.

All Sen. Away with him, away with him.

Triv. Most Honor'd Fathers, I thank you for your Zeal
To th' Holy Church; but since this is a day
Of general jolity, I freely here
Forgive all the affronts done to my self,
As *Christian* Charity Commands, and humbly
Beg your pardons for the Mock-Cardinal.

Doge. Oh, Reverend Sir, you are too mortify'd;
Our Zeal to th' Holy Church cannot pass by
So great a scandal.

Triv. I beg it once again, with earnest Prayers.
And hope you will not envy me that meritorious Act.

Doge, Well. Since your Eminence is pleas'd to be
So merciful, we have no reason to
Be more severe.

3 *Sen.* No, not at all.

4 *Sen.* 'Tis a day
Of publick mirth: the Carnival time too.

2 *Sen.* Let him be pardon'd, and confess his knavery.

All Sen. I, I, I. [Trivultio *pulls off his Disguise.*

Triv. Great thanks, Illustrious Fathers, for your Gracious Pardon.

Doge. Is't possible?

Cor. Trivultio! whough!

Int. Look you there now; I knew 'twould end in this. But the poor fellow will be hang'd. This comes of his capering and Dancing without designe stil. This 'tis to have the Bark of a *Frenchman*, but none of the Sap. 1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* This was a Maſter-piece, y'faith.

Trivultio runs from his Seat, and falls upon his knees before the Cardinal.

2 *Sen.* Deſerves Reward as well as Pardon.

Hir. A Cheat, a Cheat, a new Sentence:

Triv. Your Pardon, Reverend Sir.

Card. Bleſs me! the wanton wag *Trivultio*!
I am beholding to the Impoſtor however,
For his good Nature: Heaven forgive you.

Cornanti ſnatches him away from before the Cardinal, and kiſſes him.

Cor. Ah, my dear Boy, have I found thee again!
Thou haſt more wit than the whole Senate.

Hir. How now, Sir?

Cor. I marry has he, Sir, for all you, if you go to that.

Doge. Will't pleaſe your Eminence to aſſume your Seat?

Cardinal goes up to his Seat.

Hir. The Sentence now is void, though the Impoſtor's pardon'd.

Card. Pray, Sir, let's hear the Caſe.

Doge. It is, in ſhort, a Riot 'gainſt our Laws,
Though the intention reach'd no farther than
Honourable Marriage; and it pleas'd the Senate,
In mitigation of their puniſhment,
To leave 'em to the mercy of the Church:
This Youth ſteps in diſguis'd; Ordains 'em Marriage;
And though the Fact was bold and illuſory,
Yet the whole Senate has approv'd the Judgement.

All Sen. I, I, I.

Hir. This 'll not paſs. My Lord, we 're abus'd and cheated,
And our Daughters ruin'd.

3 *Sen.* No, no, my Lord,
'Tis meer malice: the Matches are ſuitable.

Cor. If you talk more, *Hircanio*, your Daughter ſhan't have him, if ſhe would down on her knees to him.

Card. Shall I pleaſe one, or all?
As 'tis the States civility to give
The Church this Pow'r; ſo 'tis his Holineſs's Order

In all things, to comply with this Illustrious Houſe,
Where Reaſon or Religion do not ſuffer.
I'll not recede one tittle from the former Sentence,
Though 'twas irregular and monſtrous;
Yet happy in the approbation of
This moſt Judicious, Honourable Senate.

All Sen. Thanks to your Eminence, thanks, thanks.

Doge. Inroll the Judgement, and this day's tranſactions.

Int. Shallow proceedings! if I would but appear now, I could turn the whole buſineſs again.

Hir. Baffled again! Well, is not this buſineſs to be cur'd [*Aſide to* Satana.

Sat. Not poſſibly.

Hir. No quirk in Law left? Try, good *Satana.*

Sat. 'Tis in vain, Sir.

Hir. Come, here's your Fee.

Sat. By no means, Sir, 'tis not for that.

Hir. Pray, Sir, take it. [*Preſſes him.*

Sat. Not in this place, indeed Sir.

Hir. Well, well, then I'll keep it for you.

Sat. Who would have thought he would have pocketed it again! but I ſhall have it. Let me ſee

Hir. How this Fee works!

Sat. I have found a moſt material objection. Hark you, Sir. [*Whiſper together.*

Doge. What means this Caballing in Court? The Senate's ready to Adjourn.

Hir. Gentlemen, I humbly conceive this Sentence is void; For I conceive———

1 *Sen.* This Lawyer has infected him with their *Dubious Salvo.*

Hir. The Pope's Ordinary is not a Judge, but Miniſter of the Court; and I deſire the Records may be ſearch'd, to ſee if there were ever any Precedent of this Nature.

Int. How's that?

3 *Sen.* What pow'r ſoever the Legat has, the Judgement has been confirm'd by us. (faction.

Doge. Nevertheleſs, let us ſearch the Records for his ſatis-

Int.

Int. Now ſhall I be rewarded for this my inquiſitive care of the State.

Doge. Clerk, make a ſearch.

2. *Sen.* I, we cannot deny that.

[*One of the Clerks opens the Trunk, and takes out Records.*

1 *Clerk.* Bleſs me! the Parchments move.

2 *Clerk.* If ever Book breath'd in this World, here's one.

[*Another looking in.*

1 *Sen.* What, are you mad?

1 *Clerk.* A Spirit, a Spirit?

2 *Sen.* Some Rat that ſtirs among the Papers.

2 *Clerk.* Oh Heavens! a Ghoſt, in humane ſhape!

Hir. A miracle, a miracle! The Law-giver,
Great *Ordelaſo*, come himſelf in perſon,
To vindicate his antient God-like Law.

Sat. If Earth be ſilent, ſee juſt Heaven will ſpeak.
No leſs a wonder than a Reſurrection,
A man laid in his Grave ſix hundred years
Now riſes up, to wake our drowzy Juſtice.
Let us prepare t'adore the reverend Ghoſt,
And welcome him unto his antient Seat.

1 *Sen.* 'Tis ſtrange!

2. *Sen.* What may this mean?

4 *Sen.* A general Conſternation!

Doge. Strange fright!

} *All the Senators ſeem afraid, and expreſs nothing of contempt, but reverence.*

Card. What e're thou art, Ghoſt, Devil, Angel,
What e're thy dreadful meſſage is to Earth,
I'th' name of Heaven ariſe.

} Intrigo *puts up his Head a little, and his white Peruke appears.*

Sata. See, ſee, his glorious Head!
So riſes, by degrees, great *Ordelaſo*,
Like the all-piercing *Phœbus* from his Eaſtern Couch,
To give us light in theſe moſt dark affairs.
See how his hoary Hairs, grown white in the ſervice of
This Common-wealth, are perfect yet upon
His watchful Temples. His Face as black as Mummy,

Intrigo's *Face appears a little.*

Yet firm and solid, and seems pensive.
He's pond'ring something for the publick good.

Intrigo *stunts upright in the Trunk.*

Int. I, that I am, grave Senators. [*A general laughter.*
And, let me tell you, under the Rose, 't has been my sole employment for some years, though I have little thanks for't: and, though I am not *Ordelafo.*
Yet take my cautions as not less authentick;
Which are, to keep your Laws inviolate.

Doge. Still in the right *Intrigo*:
Wise, vertuous *Intrigo,*
Those ills are fatal where no pain's endur'd,
The wiser sort of fools are never cur'd.

Grim. True; he has such a politic Lethargy upon him, he cannot feel the Pricks and Lancings of ill fortune.
He has been list'ning here, to increase his prudence,
Notwithstanding his late affronts at Seignior *Cornanti*'s.

Corn. Was there ever such a fool as this fellow?
We natural fools are nothing to him.

Triv. Why do you thus eclipse so quaint a Beauty?
[To *Intrigo.*]
That radiant face! *Exit.*

Corn. Sir, I perceive you're a great *Virtuoso;*
Will you teach me the Receit to get Blackamoor Children,
That a man may know 'em to be his own?
All hail, great *Ordelafo!* [To *Hircanio.*]
If Earth be silent, see, just Heav'n will speak. [To *Satano.*]

Enter Trivultio, *leading in* Circumstantio.

Triv. Look, here's your Master.
Circ. 'Sfoot, I think it be. [*Makes three legs.*]
With due submission to your horrible prudence,
And striking sail to your infernal gravity,
I am almost out of my little wits.
To see your worship again.
Int. So, so, here's the lesson:

That

That deceiv'd the Senate.

Cryer. Silence in the Court.

Doge. How came this fellow here?

Clerk. An't please your Highness, I can't imagine, unless he clapt the Keys in Clay, or brib'd the Lock-smith.

Doge. Was there ever such a curious Coxcomb!
Clerk of the Presidents, how do you find the case?

2 *Clerk.* The Ordinary in this case is Judge,
From whom lies no appeal, but to the Pope:
The *Decimo tertio* of *Gradonico*,
And the *Octavo* of *Andrea Gritti*.

Doge. Master Procurator, you see your remedy.

Card. Which will be worse than the disease: His Holiness
Will trust the Senate, and my self in weightier matters.

Hir. Well, I submit. However, this marriage will take off
Trivultio's edge from my Mistress *Bellinganna*,
And the old fool *Cornauti*, may do something for him.

Corn. Oh Sir, is your stomach come down?
Did not I tell you, I would make you do't?
Well, Sir, I'll remember *Trivultio* in my Will;
But I don't intend to die these forty years yet.

Hir. Lawyer, this search was not worth a Fee.

Sat. I'll take heed of being Meal-mouth'd hereafter.

4 *Sen.* (*Clapping his hand on his breast gravely.*) In good sadness
this was but a foolish trick
For such a wise man as Signior *Intrigo*.

1 *Sen.* Why, there's it; every man knows him not.
These invisible fools are the destruction
Of private Families, as well as States.
Nor are they easily to be prevented
By wiser men, because their follies are
Always in disguise.

2 *Sen.* Right. This sort of fools walk always with dark
Lanthorns; and they ought more to be fin'd for wearing
Vizors over their follies, than others over their faces.

3 *Sen.* I think, indeed, they ought to be as punishable
By Law, as men that cover their Wells and Coal-pits
With rotten Wood and Bryars, not solid Boards,

That

That will not keep men from falling in, but
Decoy 'em to their ruine by security.

Doge. Gentlemen, 'tis time to adjourn: There only rests,
What punishment upon this grave offender?

Grim. Troth, Gentlemen, my opinion is, That all extraordinary fools ought to have Pensions, instead of Punishments, especially those that bring up a new Mode of Folly. There is Honor due to Eminence in all things, and rewards for new inventions.

2 *Sen.* True; if all men were wise, there would be none to make sport with. Fools serve for honest men to laugh at, as well as Knaves to prey upon.

3 *Sen.* If it were not for the amorous Fool in Tragedies, and the merry Fool in Comedies, what would become of the Players?

1 *Sen.* I, more than that; if there were no Fools, there would be no Wits. Every new Fool begets a new Play; either as the Subject, or the Composer.

Doge. No question but they are as necessary in a Commonwealth, as wiser men, for variety.
Nothing so well Mankind's diversion Fits,
As difference of Sexes, and of Wits.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,

As it was ſpoke by Mr. *Haines*.

AS Charms are Nonſence, Nonſence ſeems a Charm,
Which hearers of all Judgment does diſarm;
For Songs and Scenes, a double Audience bring,
And Doggrel takes, which Smiths in Sattin ſing.
Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run,
We find that Wit's the Monſter you would ſhun,
And by my troth 'tis moſt diſcreetly done.
For ſince, with Vice and Folly, Wit is fed,
Through Mercy 'tis, moſt of you are not dead.
Players turn Puppets now at your deſire,
In their Mouth's Nonſence, in their Tails a Wire,
They fly through Clouds of Clouts, and ſhowers of Fire.
A kind of looſing Loadum is their Game,
Where the worſt Writer has the greateſt Fame.
To get vile Plays like theirs, ſhall be our care;
But of ſuch awkard Actors we deſpair.
False taught at firſt——
Like Bowls ill byaſs'd, ſtill the more they run,
They're further off, then when they firſt begun.
In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,
There's one is ſuch a dear familiar ſpark,
He yawns, as if he were but half awake;
And fribling for free ſpeaking, does miſtake.
False accent and neglectful Action too
They have both ſo nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an Ape's mock face
By near reſembling Man, do Man diſgrace.
Through pac'd ill Actors, may perhaps be cur'd,
Half Players like half Wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet theſe are they, who durſt expoſe the Age
Of the great Wonder of our Engliſh Stage.

Whom

EPILOGUE.

Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid Shakespeare *write.*
Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art
Mimmick his Foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traytor *or* Volpone *try,*
Could they———
Rage like Cethegus, *or like* Cassius *die,*
They ne'er had sent to Paris *for such Faneies,*
As Monster's heads, and Merry Andrew's *Dances.*
Wither'd perhaps, not perish'd we appear,
But they were blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th'old Poets dres's'd your Mistress Wit before,
These draw you on with an old Painted Whore,
And sell like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice o'er.
Yet they may scorn our House and Actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o'these Covent Garden *Men,*
Dam 'em, not one of them, but keeps out Ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thundering Blades,
Should have an Audience of substantial Trades,
Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,
My Lord great *Neptune*, and great Nephew *Eolus.*
Oh how the merry Citizen's in love
With———
Psyche, the Goddess of each Field and Grove.
He cryes i'faith, methinks 'tis well enough,
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff.
So to their House the graver Fops repair,
While Men of Wit, find one another here.

FINIS.

XUM